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No. 854
Friday
9 Sept. '94

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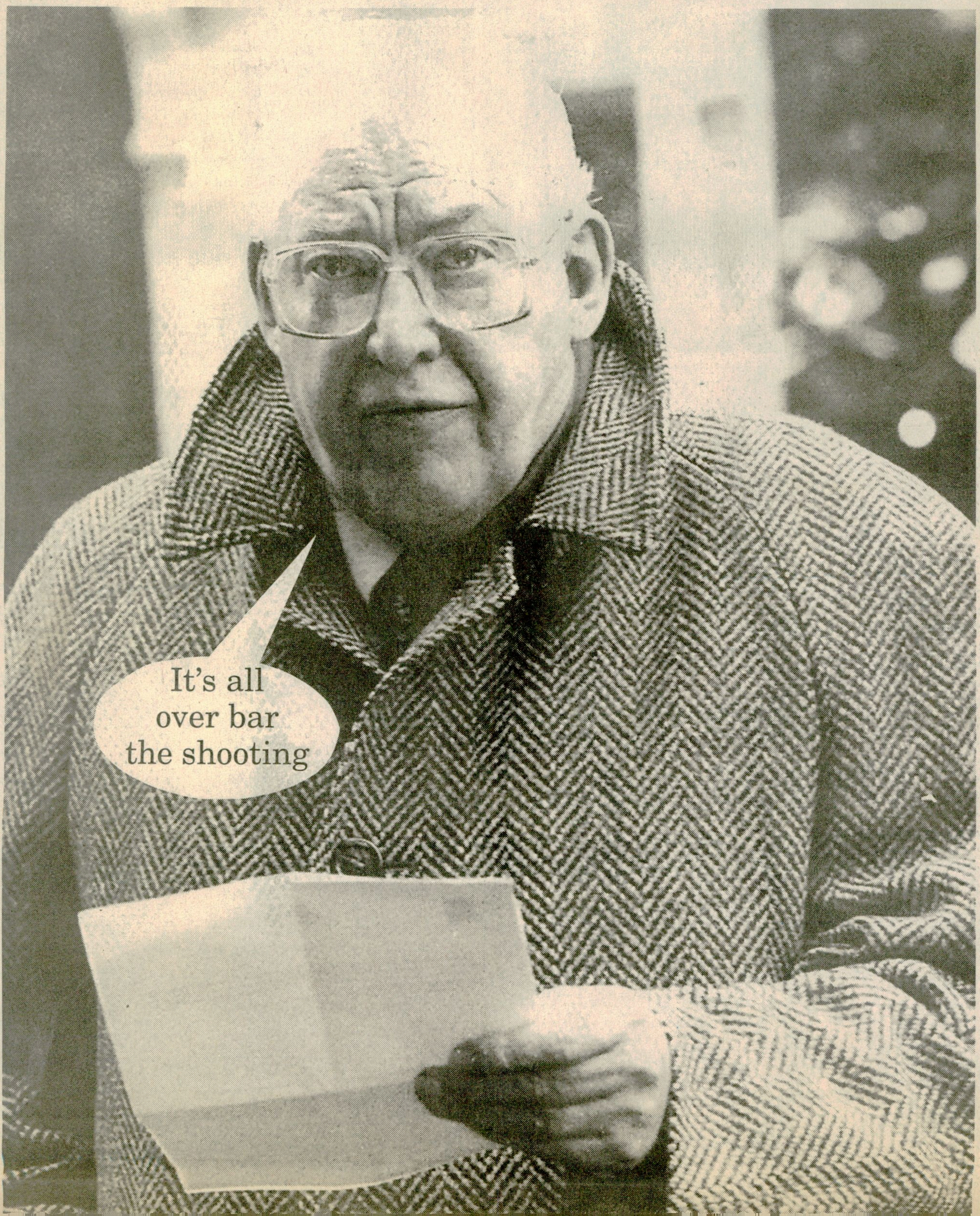

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Barclays	538	+2	640	487	3.6	21.8	8.1
GEC	380	+6	410	360	4.2	15.4	8.1
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Reuters	1,027	−33	2,159	1,758	1.7	26.8	7.1
NatWest Bank	478	+18½	822	448	4.8	10.9	7.1
Lloyds Bank	562	+3	660	540	4.9	11.9	7.1
Zeneca	729	+4	869	715	4.7	14.6	7.1
J Sainsbury	362	−12½	480	342	3.8	12.7	7.1
BUS	608	+1	653	556	2.4	18.8	7.1
Abbey National	464	−1½	523	463	3.8	15.6	7.1
Prudential	320	+15½	385	302	5.2	15.2	7.1
ICI	615	+26	824	728	4.2	65.8	6.1
National Power	438	−27½	505	436	3.2	10.8	6.1
Vodafone	545	+29	637	512	1.6	23.7	6.1
Boots	576	+11	601	501	3.2	20.9	6.1
BAA	273	+2	304	265	2.1	24.2	6.1
Allied-Lyons	550	+7	683	549	5.0	15.3	6.1
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Reed International	835	+5	964	823	2.9	24.9	6.1
Thorn EMI	1,101	+40	1,154	979	3.6	25.5	6.1
Bass	534	+2	619	507	4.6	14.2	6.1
Tesco	212	−1½	254	210	4.3	9.6	6.1
P&O	688	−5	728	612½	5.5	...	6.1
British Airways	424	+18½	496½	399	3.2	17.8	6.1
Cadbury Schweppes	477	+11½	545	462	3.8	16.2	6.1
Kingfisher	589	+12	778	544	3.2	...	6.1
PowerGen	485	−49½	582	480	2.9	12.8	6.1
Pearson	735	−3	735	605	2.6	24.2	6.1
BOC	745	−3	745	627	4.1	28.0	6.1
TSB	291	+1	291	210	4.4	14.9	6.1
Commercial Union	711	+1	711	563	5.3	21.9	6.1
Rank Organisation	447½	+1	447½	377	3.9	21.4	6.1
Royal Bank of Scotland	528	+1	528	399	3.4	18.4	6.1
Land Securities	621	+1	782	621	4.6	16.9	6.1
Scottish Power	379	+2	486	379	3.7	14.5	6.1
Granada	543	−8	586	519	2.0	21.4	6.1

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Gnome

THE MONEY SHOP

I would like to make it clear that there is no connection whatever between the following recent events:

1) Miss Anita Body, founder of "The Money Shop", a chain of environmentally friendly toothpaste retailers, threatens to sue my magazine *Vanity Gnome* over a proposed article about her business. The article is provisionally entitled "We Nail This Green Phoney".

2) A letter arrives from Messrs Sue, Grabbit and Runne on behalf of Miss Body complaining of "the very gravest libel we have ever not seen yet".

3) The decision is suddenly made by the Editor of *Vanity Gnome*, E. Graydon Strobes III, not to print the article.

The piece in question was in fact withdrawn when another feature "Yoghurt Cooking with Madonna" was submitted in its place by the distinguished journalist Henry Z. Porterstein and was deemed to be "more accurately targeted at our readership's profile".

Anyone who suggests otherwise will be hearing from my solicitors.

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COLOUR SECTION

QUIZ OF THE WEEK

"MY own view is that people who commmit fraud, regardless of their background, should be punished." Who said this?
● *See Slicker, page 28.*

MERVYN WALKER, the legal director of British Airways who has been dealing with the complaints of John Gorman — the man systematically persecuted since complaining about the state of BA food (see *Eyes passim*) — was not at his desk when Mr Gorman rang on 2 September to talk about the latest developments in his persecution.

Walker had gone (and so had his secretary) following a sudden promotion to be in charge of procurement. When BBC's *Newsnight* telephoned BA to see if Mr Walker had been moved because of the row over John Gorman, the programme was berated by angry telephone calls from Tim Bell, the ubiquitous PR man whose clients include, among many others, British Airways and the BBC to whom he was complaining. Bell shouted that Walker was "most respected executive" and that his move was a promotion.

Meanwhile the campaign against Mr Gorman continues with a series of fantastic smears published in *Skyport*, a magazine owned by BA. The extraordinary aspect of the article is that it could not have been written without inside information from the Metropolitan police. Watch this space.
● *See FA from BA, Footnotes, page 26.*

THE BIG problem for the government in keeping the peace in Northern Ireland is the heavy Protestant bias in the Royal Ulster Constabulary (RUC).

Just under half the people of Northern Ireland are Catholics, but 92 per cent of the police are Protestant. The chief constable, Hugh Annesley, already unpopular with the Orange hardliners in the RUC, has been persuaded by the government to stay on for a few months to try to redress the balance by recruiting more Catholics. The alternative is to give in to IRA demands to let them "police" Republican areas themselves.

In the meantime the government has moved to stop any inquiries or information which might expose past collusion between the police or army and the Protestant paramilitaries, which would be particularly embarrassing at present.

The publication of the second Stevens investigation into the contacts between Brian Nelson, an army intelligence officer, and paramilitary murderers has been indefinitely shelved.

Sir Patrick Mayhew, the Northern Ireland secretary, has signed a public interest immunity certificate preventing the Belfast coroner from obtaining a copy of the Stalker report into the shooting of three Catholics by the police.

And the investigation into the shooting of a Catholic woman, Anna Mallon, aged 72, at Dungannon by a known Protestant extremist gang, which has not been brought to justice, has been put "on hold".

PRESIDENT Suharto of Indonesia — no stranger to the grovelling and fawning advances of western governments — will be given a gong at the United Nations conference on population and development in Cairo.

It seems the old mass-murderer is to receive a UN population award for his contribution to "population control". This of course has nothing to do with his unprecedented reduction of the East Timorese population by 200,000 since 1975, using techniques such as war, murder and eviction.

So what is it that has excited such speedy eruptions of Arslikhan from the Rockefeller Foundation, the Population Council and the UN Fund for Population Activities? Perhaps it is his eye-catching formation of a "partnership for population control" along with other like-minded nations such as Bangladesh, Kenya, Columbia, Mexico, Zimbabwe, Thailand, Tunisia, Morocco and Egypt — all countries whose human rights records have been criticised in the past.

Columbia, for example, was censured by Amnesty International for reducing its population of "political activists" by 20,000 this March. In 1992, the Bangladeshi government managed a reduction of 1,200 in Chittagong when its security forces resorted to burning dissidents alive. Meanwhile, Daniel arap Moi continues to make sizeable reductions to Kenyan numbers, thanks in part to his policy of treating any criticism of him as a treasonable offence. The list is lengthy.

Indonesia, however, stands head and shoulders above the rest. Suharto's most recent attempt at reduction involves the enforced injection of indigenous Timorese women with the contraceptive Depo-Provera in a coercive birth control programme funded by western aid agencies. Nobody to date has explained the side-effects of the drug to the women, who have already sacrificed so much to ensure Suharto's success. Perhaps he will remember to thank them during his acceptance speech.

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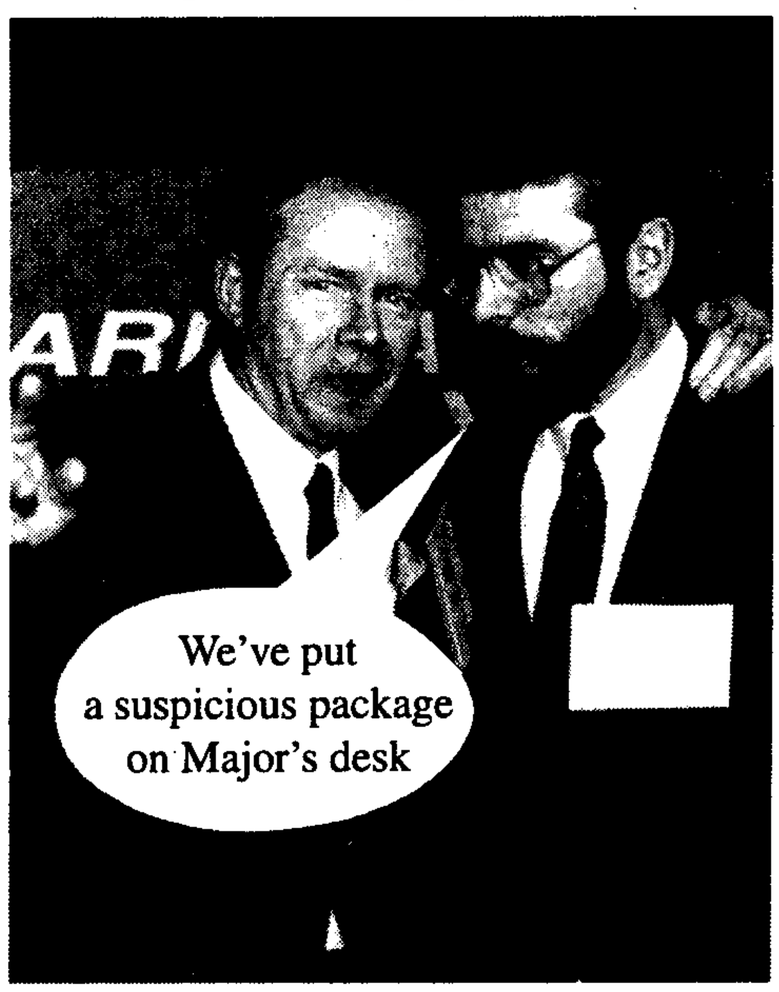
PEACE IN OUR TIME



STREET of SHAME

SO, FAREWELL THEN...

THE announcement that Eve Pollard was resigning as editor of the *Sunday Express* — to seek, ahem, "new challenges" — was greeted with universal euphoria at Ludgate House.

Most of the staff repaired to Stamford's, a nearby wine bar, to guzzle champagne for the rest of the afternoon. They were joined by gloating former City editor Dominic Prince (now back with the *Indescribablyboring on Sunday*), who returned in triumph.

Conversation soon turned to reminiscing about the worst jobs the staff had been given by the great she-elephant. One hack recalled how Krishna, a junior researcher on the picture desk for Section Three, had actually been required to sellotape La Bollard's embonpoint securely into place before she departed for television appearances. When Krishna could suppress her laughter no longer, Betty, the 60-year-old newsdesk secretary, was entrusted with the task.

Another hackette recalled having to help La Bollard's son Ollie with his homework; another recalled being sent to the Trocadero at 10pm to fetch a bag of pick 'n mix sweets for the boy; while yet another remembered being despatched to Selfridge's food hall to buy a packet of Ryvita crispbread with sesame seeds for milady because the canteen only had the ordinary kind.

On another occasion La Bollard spotted a pair of shoes she thought she fancied in a shop window in Bond Street. As she was in her chauffeur-driven car and did not have time to stop, she did what any enterprising national newspaper editor would have done: she had a staff photographer take a picture of the entire shop window so she could choose the right pair at her leisure.

By far the most humiliating service required by La Bollard was that of nail model. This honour fell to Max Davidson, who writes the rag's gardening column under the pseudonym Adam the Gardener. He was ordered to present his hands so that Eve could determine which of several shades of nail varnish she liked the most. She painted each of his fingernails a different colour, because varnish never looks the same on the nail as it appears in the bottle.

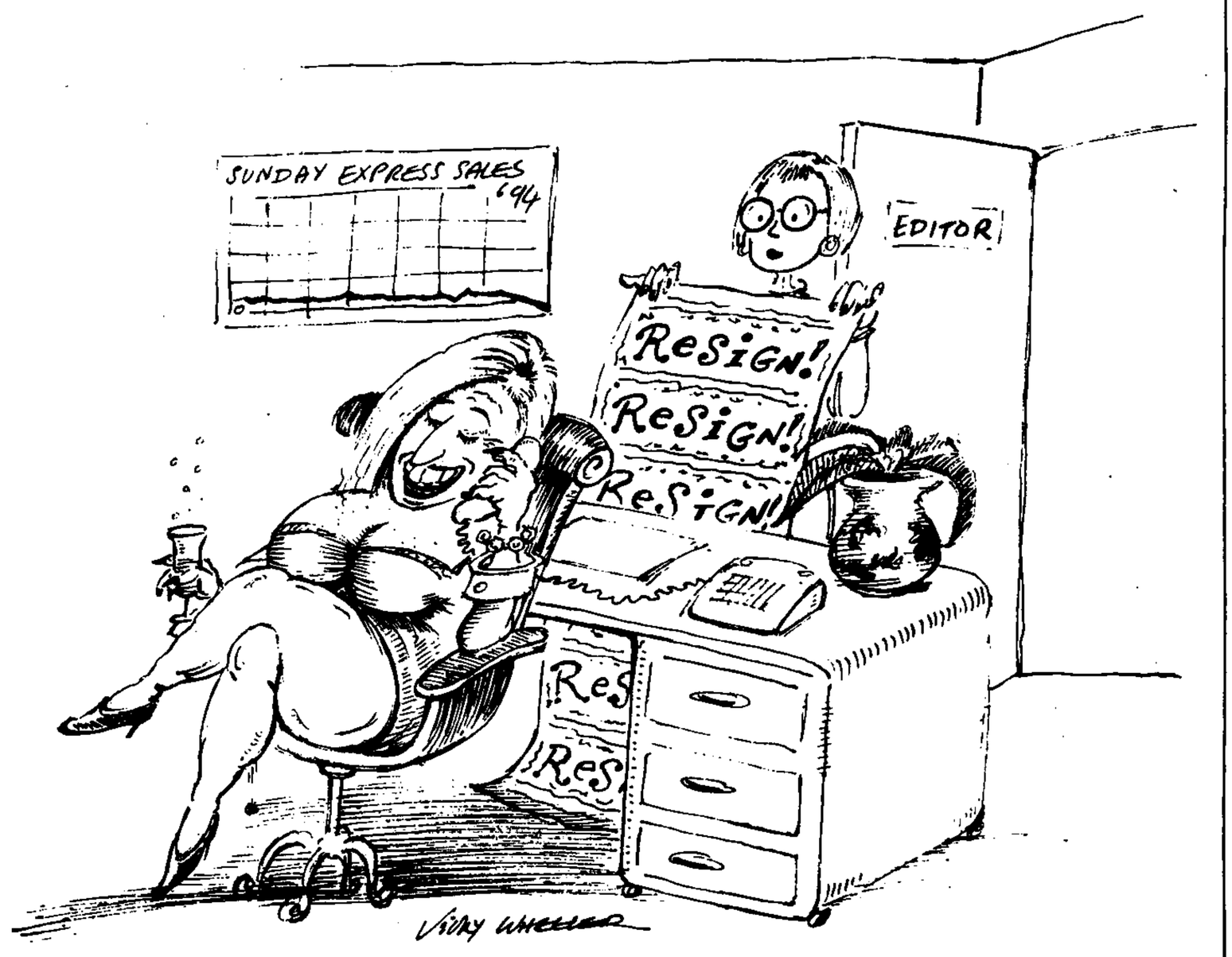
MEANWHILE La Bollard's widely reported claim that she had "resigned" has been fatally undermined by one of her very own memos.

The memorandum in question invited 13 of her most loyal and closest executives to a lunch on Wednesday 31 August in the Ludgate Room to mark the first anniversary of her ridiculous Section 3.

She dictated the invitation to her personal secretary on the morning of Thursday 25 August, blissfully unaware that two floors above, Express Newspapers chairman Lord Stevens and his md, Andrew Cameron, were themselves putting the final touches to her, er, "resignation".

Precisely one hour after the luncheon invitations were given to her trusted executives, Bollard was summoned and told she had to leave. She was so shocked by the sudden termination of her services that she forgot to withdraw the lunch invitation.

NEW RANGE OF WALLPAPER FOR EVE'S SOUTH OF FRANCE HOUSE



BRIAN HITCHEN, the Alf Garnett soundalike from the *Daily Star* who replaces Bollard as editor, has wasted no time in making his unpleasant presence felt.

Among several instant changes, Simon Freeman, erstwhile *Sunday Times* investigative hack who was hired by milady and started work two days before her demise, was sacked by Hitchen with a month's pay (Freeman is consulting a solicitor).

The liberal, anti-apartheid reporter Philip Jacobson, hired as foreign correspondent a couple of weeks earlier, is unlikely to strike much of a chord with his new editor: Hitchen regards Nelson Mandela as nothing better than a terrorist. For more examples of the enlightened Hitchen world view, see Hackwatch (page 9).

AN OUTBREAK of women being sick occurred in at least two national newspaper offices followed the announcement that a new organisation, Women in Journalism, had been formed by "twenty top women journalists".

The aim was "to promote the interests of women, and to help them get better pay and better jobs". The organisation was inspired by a resentment about the failure of women "to break through the glass ceiling" to top jobs.

At the Mirror Group's new Death Row (Canary Wharf) there was special interest in the name of one of WIJ's founders, Amanda Platell. She followed her hero David Montgomery to the *Daily Mirror* in early 1993, where she was appointed editorial manager and eagerly took part in creating "a new culture" by the time-honoured practice of sacking journalists.

And, surprise, surprise, lots of top class *women* journalists were swept away in the process: Sylvia Jones, crime correspondent; Pauline Macleod, film critic; Pauline Wallin, TV writer; Marcia Brackett, fashion editor; Sandy Molloy graphics artist, etc, etc.

Other women who are unlikely to join Women In Journalism are Gill Morgan, Jane Owen, Sophie Chaimier, Ruth Chatto, Jill Crawshaw, Elizabeth Grice, Sophie Grigson, Aileen O'Brien, Diane Spencer, Mary Wilson, Daphne Broadhead, Aggie Mackenzie. All have worked for the *Sunday Express* and felt the tender touch of the editor there, Women in Journalism founder Eve Pollard. All were sacked, driven from their jobs or forced to resign... by one of the few women who had broken the glass ceiling into a top job.

Pollard's recent "resignation", however, is a grim reminder to even the most successful women journalists of a famous saying by one of their number: "You can't expect a job for life" (Amanda Platell, February 1993).

CHARLES "Experienced" Golding has threatened a libel suit against the *Guardian* over a reference to his sacking from the deputy editorship of the *Sunday Express* (for manoeuvring against colleagues). This has caused much amusement among hacks who witnessed his ignominious departure from Ludgate House, escorted by a personnel wallah.

Golding was never popular at the paper and was a man with no obvious accomplishments — with the exception of his book *Rats — The New Plague*, published by Weidenfeld & Nicolson a few years back. On one occasion, during a features conference, Golding puffed himself up in characteristic fashion and informed his colleagues that London's rat problem had reached horrifying dimensions, and blithely posed the rhetorical question: "Did you know that wherever you are in London, you're never more than twenty-four yards away from a rat?"

The other executives stared intently at the bow-tied buffon and desperately strained to swallow their guffaws.

HALLO!

The heartwarming column by *The Marquesa*

HALLO! TONY Blair really is an utter charmer! When a lot of lefty do-gooders led by pompous pinko John Mortimer went to see him recently about some irritating nonsense to do with people hanging themselves in prison, they expected Blair to be sympathetic. After all, Tory home secretaries had listened to them in the past.

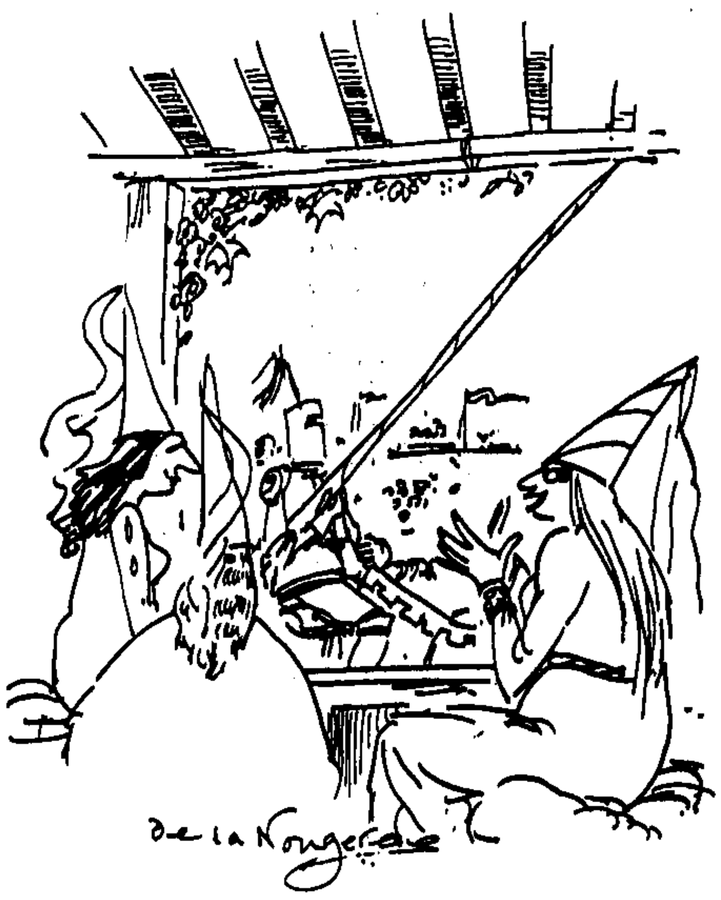
Imagine their disappointment when Blair rapidly showed them the door and told them sweetly that there were no votes in that sort of thing. What a winner!

HALLO! THE MARQUESA has become lost in admiration for her old chum Peter Cadbury and his campaign against the government for not enforcing law and order at his country estate.

What we especially like is the decisive way Peter does things to put things right. Nearly 25 years ago, we recall, a tenant on his land had the cheek to seek an injunction against a greyhound race track near his home. (Goodier, his name was; and Do-Goodier we called him at the time.)

Peter liked the idea of the race track and was keen to race his own dogs on it. So he promptly moved 250 pigs into the sheds directly behind the home of the busybody Goodiers — and the family had to move out and go and live with friends. Apparently their little children couldn't stand the stink.

Still, it serves them right. We need more people like Peter who take the law into their own hands when it doesn't protect him and his property.



"I hope he does well — I have him in my Fantasy Chivalry team"

HALLO! *HAVE readers noticed how frightfully uppity air hostesses are becoming? On almost every airline they seem to think they can ill-treat important passengers — including the Marquesa's closest.*

It was therefore good to see our old friend Paul Rutteman CBE, a partner in those wonderful accountants Ernst & Young, standing up to one of the hussies the other day.

Paul, accompanied by his charming wife, was returning from his modest summer holiday in Crete when the hostess had the cheek to treat him like a common passenger and charge him for his drinks!

Naturally he complained and gave the woman such a vitriolic lecture she burst into tears! The other passengers, myself among them, were tremendously relieved and delighted. There, at least, was one CBE that was fully deserved!

"Maureen, could you pass me one Domingo, one Carreras and a Pavarotti..."

HALLO! WE ARE disturbed to hear that someone has been casting doubt upon the legitimacy of Prince Mangal Kapoor, former social editor of the ill-fated magazine *Voilà*, who has been the Marquesa's walker on numerous occasions.

A journalist working for the *Mail on Sunday*'s supplement *Night & Day* telephoned Mangal saying he wanted to include a mini-profile of him in an article about people with titles. When Mangal heard the other names to be included he exclaimed: "But they're all phonies!"

Indeed, the draft article suggested precisely that, claiming that Prince Mangal's father is a mere Bombay businessman called Shiv Kapoor, who was implicated some 30 years ago in the Costa Rica coffee bean scandal, and that his mother, an American called Susan Coles, had simply bestowed upon herself the bogus title of Princess Ayesha Kapoor.

We are glad to say that Mangal, who was a pall-bearer at the funeral of the much-missed Lady "Bubbles" Rothermere, was quick-witted enough to ring Lord Rothermere's office and demand that this nasty, sneering item about him be removed from the article.

Lord Rothermere did not have to lift a finger. Jocelyn Targett, the boy with the ear stud who edits *Night & Day*, cut the offending paragraphs the moment he heard the Prince was on the warpath.

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"Make up your mind, Fishbeard — are you a pirate or a surrealist?"

HALLO! OUR SYMPATHY to the Princess of Wales who has been caused more embarrassment by irresponsible newspapers.

Not Fleet Street this time, but the *Scotsman*, which recently ran a long article outlining the press coverage generated by all her telephone tribulations.

Some silly sausage at the paper failed to spot that underneath the piece was an advertisement from Ford boasting the following copyline in big bold type: ONE PHONECALL WILL STOP YOU HAVING A BREAKDOWN.

Such insensitivity is enough to make you throw up.

Stanley Gibbons checklist

HALLO! HOW envious people are of the beautiful and talented! Malicious tongues are suggesting that not only has the gorgeous supermodel Naomi Campbell not written her new novel — but that she hasn't read it, either.

They claim that one of Naomi's representatives asked her publisher for a 250-word synopsis of the book for the supermodel to read. What utter rubbish!

HALLO! WE ARE delighted that Sir James Goldsmith is at last getting the kind of good publicity he deserves in his native land.

Envious journalists have finally realised that Sir James is not, as legend has it, an unpleasant right-wing megalomaniac but is instead a sensitive, far-sighted and humane political visionary.

Much of the credit for this must go to the highly respected Nigel Pratt-Dumpster, who has become Sir James's greatest champion. Pratt even has a hotline to Lady Annabel Goldsmith, and he uses it to the full. When he was invited to a party for Goldsmith's daughter recently, the only qualification was: "You can come if you don't write about it." Pratt, being such a noted journalist and gentleman, immediately agreed.

JONATHAN AITKEN, the new chief secretary to the treasury, is making the most of the summer recess to stake his claim for what he (and many others) still believe will be a fight for the Tory leadership before the next election.

He easily persuaded his friend Taki, the gossip groveller, to write a fantastic puff in his *Sunday Times* column on 4 September. Taki made a lot of Aitken's allegedly youthful looks — even though the author of *The Young Meteors* (1966) is of course older than John Major.

Aitken then followed this puff the next day with a huge slice of self-regard in the *Daily Telegraph*. In it he pretended that he is going to be even tougher on the people who receive benefits than his predecessor, Michael Portillo.

The puffs are likely to grow in intensity in the coming weeks, but so far none mentions the important facts about Aitken: his PR consultancy with the Saudi dynasty, for example; or his directorship of a bust arms company (see Footnotes); or his close association with the Fayed brothers.

DOES Michael Portillo *really* want to cut public spending — or is his ambition simply to see his name in the newspapers as often as possible?

His promise to check extravagence has cut little ice in Labour-controlled Tameside, east Manchester, which is still reeling from the collapse of its capitalist wing, Tameside Enterprises Ltd (TEL). It ran 12 former council old people's homes but went bust with debts of more than £2 million.

TEL was staffed and run by local Labour stalwarts, which probably accounts for its speedy demise. Chief culprit for the cock-up was TEL boss Paul Stonier, a champagne socialist on the swinging east Manchester scene (he owns *two* racing pigeons) and former failed Labour parliamentary candidate who cheekily took a £16,000 loan from the company while the debts piled up.

To be fair, Tameside argued that Stonier should get no pay-off or pension, given that he was sacked for gross misconduct. But both payments — a golden handshake of £45,000 and a £15,000 a year pension — have been approved... on the recommendation of ambitious right-winger Michael Portillo.

THE NEWS that Sir Peter Emery, corpulent Tory MP for Honiton, has earned half a million pounds in property consultancy fees in the last few years came as no surprise to those who have admired his wife's glittering jewellery or followed his glittering business career.

As early as January 1979, the *Eye* pointed out that Emery had spoken in favour of the oil industry in the Commons — and had forgotten to reveal his interest in Shenley Trust Services, a company with strong oil connections which ran a diving school in Scotland for oil rig workers.

But Sir Peter's most celebrated financial coup came in 1984 when he drew a cheque for £79,902 from Coutts bank by means of a "bearer draft". The cheque was apparently signed by the President of Bophuthatswana, a "republic" in South Africa not recognised by any other country and which was, in fact, a puppet of the racialist regime in Pretoria.

Sir Peter spoke up powerfully for the regime there and its president, Kgosi Mangope. Relations between the two men were excellent until the unfortunate Coutts cheque incident. The president angrily insisted he had not signed the cheque and instructed his solicitors, Norton Rose Botterell and Roche, to retrieve the money from Sir Peter, who had been knighted in 1982.

The City of London fraud squad showed an interest, and two detective superintendents were in touch with the solicitors. The police said they would only prosecute if President Mangope came to London to testify that the signature on the cheque was not his. This he refused to do. Eventually, the government of Bophuthatswana got the whole sum back from Sir Peter, plus interest.

FAREWELL then, Larry Whitty, general-secretary of the Labour party. The more that Dave Hill, Labour's spin-doctor-in-chief, insisted to lobby hacks that Whitty wanted a move, the clearer it became that he had been pushed.

Whitty was only saved the humiliation of complete dismissal because John Prescott compassionately insisted on giving him a (non) job as "European coordinator". Probably the only Labour apparatchik now competent enough to take over the party's sprawling organisation is Diane Hayter. So she almost certainly won't get the job.

The second fiction being peddled by Hill is that the appointment of the general-secretary is in the hands of Labour's national executive committee (NEC). That doesn't explain why Tony Blair came back from his holiday and announced that Whitty would be resigning.

When the time comes, the NEC will be told whom to appoint (probably Tom Sawyer, now almost redundant at Unison). And, as most of them are in the shadow cabinet, they will do as they are told. Plum jobs in a future Labour government will not be on offer to those who exercise Spartist tendencies such as disobedience or independent thought.

PITY the children of environment secretary John Gummer. The man who fed his kids mad cow burgers in front of the cameras to prove British beef was "safe", must now try to dismiss health fears about the dust from opencast coal mining.

The floodgates have been opened by a recent decision which gave the lie to promises from Mr Gummer and local government minister David Curry that environmental issues would be top of the agenda when applications for new opencast sites were considered. In the first test of new planning guidelines, an environment department inspector has overruled Leeds city council's objection to 100,000-tonne site on 50 acres of agricultural land just outside the city.

Private mining company HJ Banks was given the go-ahead by the inspector, and at least 85 other sites are being considered in Yorkshire alone. Nevertheless, the government has refused to look into claims in the *British Medical Journal* that exposure to dust from opencast sites increases the incidence of asthma and other respiratory diseases.

How long before the Gummer children are forced to eat coal dust pie by Desperate Dad?

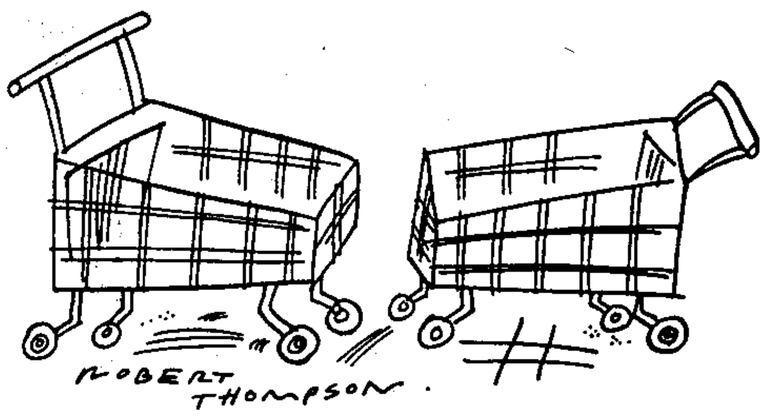
GOOD news for Jan Royal, flame-haired power-dresser and secretary to Neil Kinnock. Jan's media friends, so generous to her boss for so many years, are busy promoting her campaign to take over from Kinnochio as MP for Islwyn when he takes up his gastronomic retirement posting in Brussels. *(Shurely 'continues the fight for international socialism'?)*

Kinnock's 24,728 majority means a shoe-in for Labour's by-election candidate. But she (or he) does need to be selected by the party first.

Perhaps Jan's media fans didn't witness her last selection attempt when she sought to snatch the London Central euro-seat from sitting MEP Stan Newens.

Asked about the future of the welfare state, she replied helpfully, "That's a very important question". Pressed on the future of Bosnia, she explained illuminatingly, "We would need to consider that carefully".

Unimpressed by this high-powered analysis, the London Labour party ungratefully hung on to the jurassic Newens, in spite of his celebrated admiration for Nicolas Ceausescu.



"I've decided I'm going to try and go straight"

QUANGO CORNER

THE government has extended its "jobs for the Tory boys" approach to Britain's quangos to include "jobs for Tory girls" as well.

In West Yorkshire home secretary Michael Howard has recently appointed Jean Searle on to a police watchdog panel which will select new "independent" members of the West Yorkshire police authority.

Her qualifications? Ms Searle was a Tory councillor in Leeds for five years and chaired the Yorkshire area of the Conservative Women's Committee. We know who polices the police — but who polices the Tories?

MORE RED faces at the Welsh Development Agency (WDA) following what its legal director Roy Thomas calls a "perceived conflict of interest".

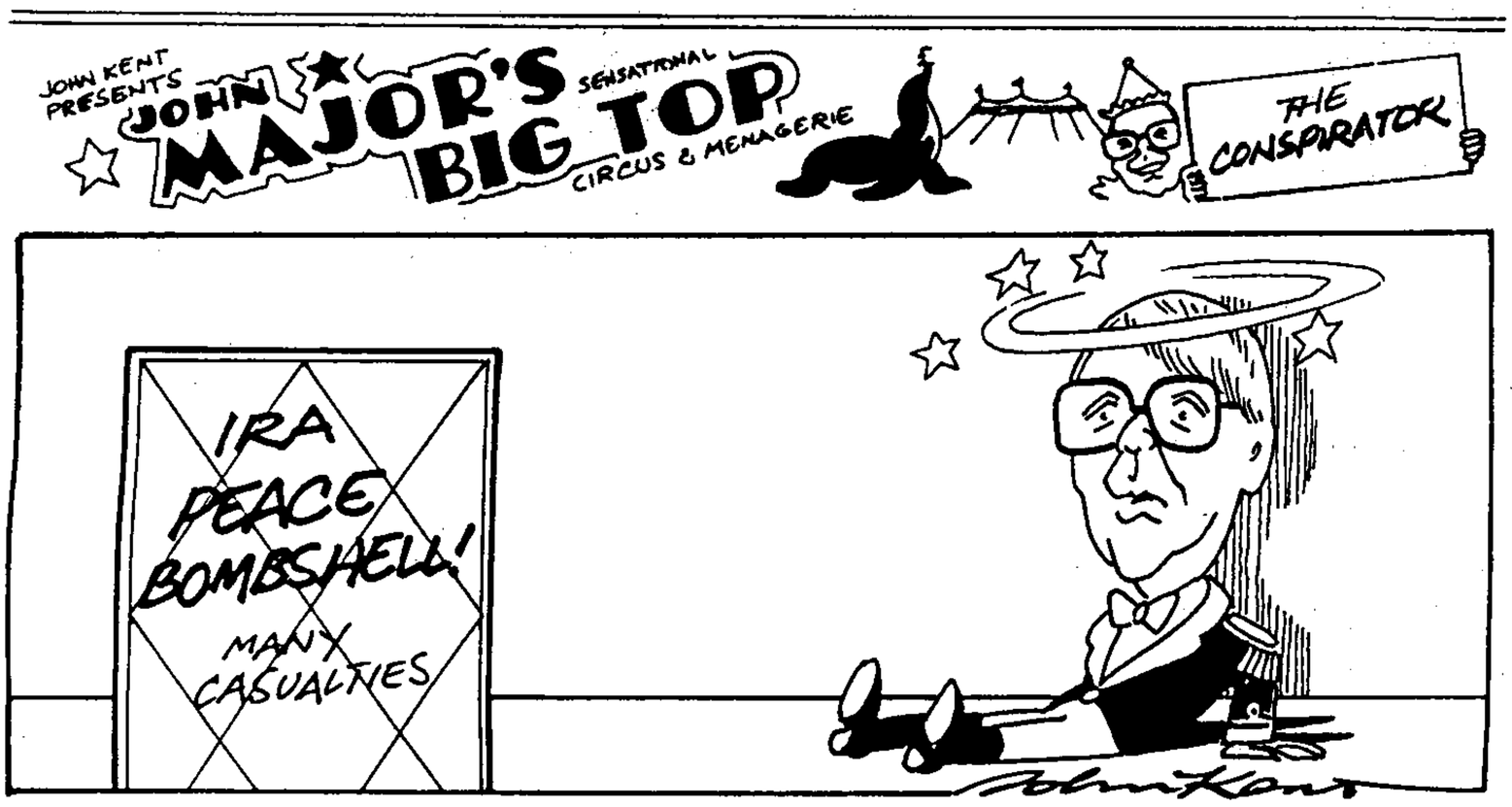
It's those accountants again — this time the firm of KPMG Peat Marwick, which is carrying out a "general compliance review" into the endless disaster deals pioneered by the WDA in recent years.

In particular it has been looking at a rather bizarre property speculation by the WDA in Aberdare, where the WDA bought a site for a Tesco superstore. The site was previously occupied by a bus company, which went bust. The name of the lucky accountants who were called in as receivers? KPMG Peat Marwick.

PS: The WDA is living proof of the career benefits of working for Conservatives Abroad (which persuades people who live abroad and don't pay tax in Britain to vote Tory).

The Monte Carlo chairman of that organisation at the last election was one David Rowe Beddoe. History doesn't relate how many contented Tories living in Monte Carlo were roped in to vote in British marginal constituencies which they never visit, but Mr Rowe Beddoe's sterling work was noticed in high places. He is now chairman of both the WDA and the Development Board for Rural Wales.

'Backbiter'



NOOKS and CORNERS

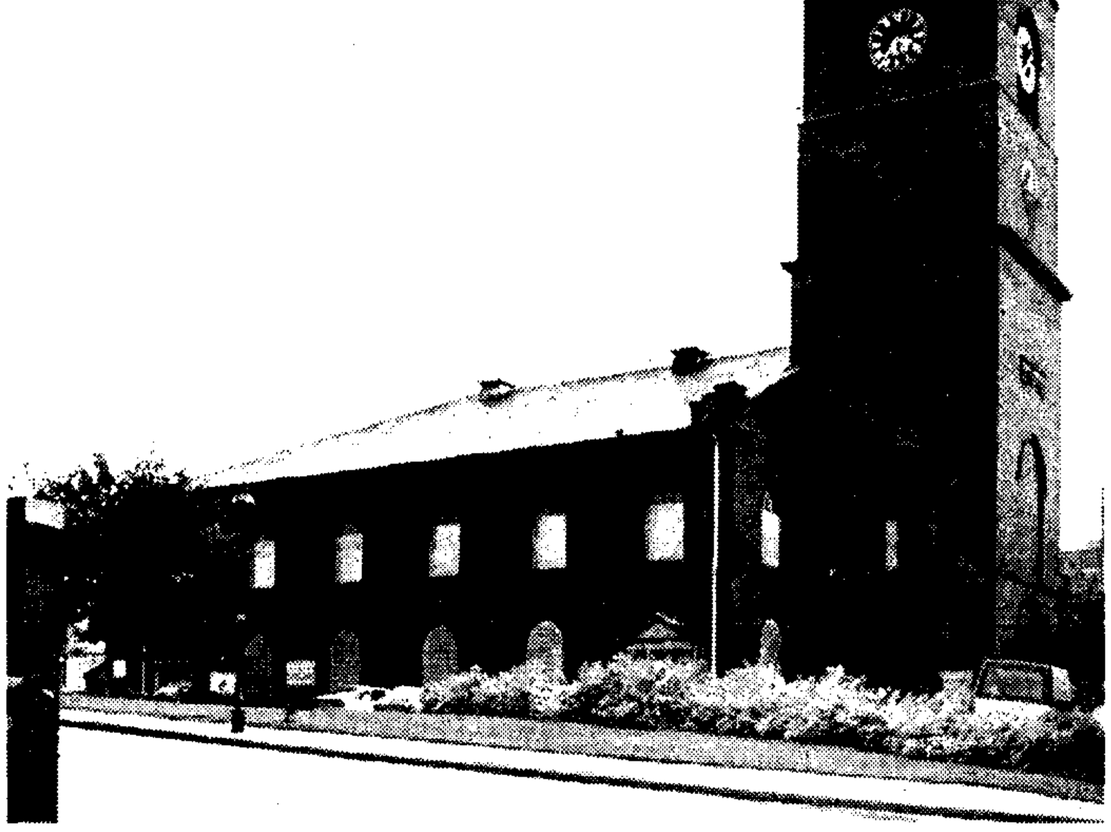
IT MUST be admitted that Hanley, the centre of Stoke-on-Trent, was never particularly lovely and it certainly is not now, having been largely razed by the local authority in the 1980s in favour of the usual type of shopping centre.

The only building which gives any sense of place, any focus, is, very properly, the old parish church. Once it was the city council which would happily have swept it away; but now it is the archdiocese of Lichfield which would like to see the back of this tiresome relic.

St John's, Hanley, is a plain, decent Georgian church of 1788-90, and its interior is remarkable for the early use of cast iron, both decoratively and structurally. It is the oldest and best of the five churches in the parish but, for reasons which defy comprehension, it was made redundant in 1988 in celebration of its bicentenary.

The present rector, however, and many members of the parish made it clear to the archdeacon of Stoke-on-Trent that they wished to retain an interest in the old building and to use it occasionally for worship. With that respect for local opinion and concern for spiritual values which characterises the church today, the Redundant Churches Uses Committee of the diocese of Lichfield suddenly announced last year that it had decided to sell the freehold of St John's to an indoor climbing centre company for a mere £42,000. This exciting leisure activity seems strangely incompatible with the architectural integrity of a Grade II listed church interior and is certainly not an "appropriate use" as the "pastoral measure" requires, as the company's proposals envisage blocking all the windows and removing most of the gallery on its cast-iron columns.

Oddly enough, the rector and parish of Hanley together with many in the wider community do not like the notion of their old parish church being flogged off and mutilated. A petition was sent to both the local council and the Church Commissioners. Some commissioners even deigned to visit Hanley and



investigate. Naturally they continued to back the diocese's exciting proposals and told the Friends of St John's that they had no business plan and no money and so could not be taken seriously. Besides, the father-in-law of a partner in the favoured firm is a generous Friend of Lichfield Cathedral — but that, of course, is irrelevant...

The Friends of St John's then found a local businessman who would buy St John's on their behalf for £45,000 and last May produced a costed business plan for a scheme for various appropriate activities to take place in the building. To no avail: the Redundant Churches Uses Committee arbitrarily announced that because of the "open-ended quasi-contractual situation" which exists with the indoor climbing company, it could not negotiate any other deal. How an indoor climbing centre could generate enough income to repair the building is hard to understand; but if the venture fails the Pottery Centre next door might always like to expand.

So poor St John's looks set to be despoiled and no longer to serve as the spiritual and civic focus for wretched Hanley. But it is only a piece of ecclesiastical plant and a development opportunity, after all. The modern, go-ahead Careyite Church of England postures and preaches against the materialist values of Thatcherite Britain — yet, as St John's Hanley and many others show, the unholy alliance of accountants, freemasons and hand-clappers who run the church operate on the purest principles of the market economy (except they're not very good at it: remember the lost £500 million?)

Then there is poor old St Ethelburga's Bishopsgate (*Eyes passim*). Despite the efforts of the Friends of St Ethelburga's and others who think a medieval church attacked by IRA terrorists ought to be restored as some sort of memorial or at least as a demonstration of civilized values and defiance, the diocese of London continues to try to make money out of the site.

A recent ad in *Estates Gazette* announces, on the instructions of the diocese, an "Important Conservation Development Opportunity... 125 Year Lease For Sale". This is, no doubt, a consequence of the meeting of the finance committee of the London diocesan fund held in July when the new general-secretary, "Chris" Smith — a holy-rolling accountant — introduced an estate agent's report on "the marketing strategy for this important conservation development opportunity."

The same meeting discussed St Helen's Bishopsgate, the hand-clapping City parish which hopes to get its hands on the ancient endowments of St Ethelburga's. In its attempt to allow God's Own Architect, Quinlan Terry, to reorder its once charming and evocative interior, the parish incurred legal costs of £129,000 in the long consistory court hearing. The general-secretary proposed that the diocese contribute £39,000 of its precious resources to pay the lawyers as "the principles of the chancellor's judgment being a considerable potential benefit to the diocese as a whole in their future dealings with the heritage lobby."

Money well spent, of course.

'Piloti'

Pseuds Corner

LUXURY: A covered central courtyard full of wonderful big sculptures by women. Women could move between birthing room and courtyard, and use the sculptures to lean or kneel against in childbirth. Water would flow in a waterfall or big fountain — women need to be in touch with the elements in childbirth. I would be able to fling open parts of the roof to let in air and sun.

SHEILA KITZINGER
Independent on Sunday

I'm definitely getting odder. I not only walk around restaurants endlessly deciding which table I shall sit at, but now, if I don't like the exact position, I pick up the table and move it!

MICHAEL WINNER
Sunday Times

Kisses under elms that had died with boyhood's end – the softened syntax and phrasing is almost shamelessly English (though one shouldn't miss the slyness with which Hollingshurt slips "boys' cocks" into this pastoral bed). The novel's great achievement is to nuzzle this theme without rubbing it too hard.

JAMES WOOD
Guardian

I'm proud of being in advertising — if it wasn't an art form I wouldn't be proud. When I was a student people used to rip out stuff and pin it up on the wall. I've got scrapbooks full of the stuff. There's great stuff even in shit. You just have to look for what's good. I love that phrase, *carpe diem*, seize the day. It's fucking marvellous.

GRAHAM FINK
Campaign

Energy is God-given. You can't do anything about this. You can't go and buy packets of it. You can't pop down to Marks & Spencer and say, "Can I have a packet of Archer's Energy, please?" You're very lucky if you've got it. It's a gift like any gift.

JEFFREY ARCHER
Melbourne Age

SIZE OF GARDEN: Large, because I would like women in childbirth to be able to follow paths in the garden, move between clumps of bushes, and go into their own nests as it were.

SHEILA KITZINGER
Independent on Sunday

In this room, flight and flying are a common denominator. In a showcase a series of dead birds are shown. Annette Messager has knitted little mufflers for them in an attempt to give them back something of the warmth of life.

Guide: Le Chateau d'Oiron, Poitou-Charentes, France

CONTRIBUTORS: A. Rabet, M. Arnold, J. Smith, E. Ruane, J. Atkinson, F. Lindsay-Hills.

£10 paid for entries

TV

Michael Winner's True Crimes (ex-LWT)

Crime Limited (BBC1)

LIFE is never simple. Ideally, Square Eyes would like to spend the whole of this column cheering a very public defeat for the egregious Michael Winner. His True Crimes series — in which the cigar-waving director of violent movies introduced dramatic reconstructions of recent murders — has been dropped by LWT.

Despite reasonably large audiences for the format, the company seems to have come round to the popular chattering-class and regulatory-body view that such reconstructions are vulgar and insensitive. As any enemy of Michael Winner's is a friend of everyone else's, this is great news. Unfortunately, though, the subject turns out to be rather more complicated. There is, sadly, more to be said than: piss off, Winner, and hurray!

The first problem is why Winner should be the one to be picked on, assuming that LWT (or, rather, its new owner, Granada) has not been motivated by a simple, and understandable, distaste for the film director himself. ITV is full of insensitive and vulgar programmes. That is rather the point of it, particularly of the new ITV produced by the mad Thatcher franchise-disposal innovations and the subsequent corporate raiding they allowed, such as Granada's takeover of LWT.

So, are LWT and ITV really now sending signals — by the removal of Winner's programme — that they will in future be moving upmarket? Of course not. In order to pacify critics of the new ITV, in the ITC and political circles, a high-profile body was needed off the sledge.

Television's external regulators, tending to be old biddies and JP types, have always engaged with the medium at a moral, rather than technical or artistic level. The simple moral issue which has most engaged such people in the past year has been real-life crime reconstruction series.

True Crimes was doing good ratings business, but not brilliant, and so it could be dumped without much pain. So Winner was thrown to the watchdogs. The external busybodies are exultant, and ITV has bought a few years' more grace to continue going to hell. Winner — to adapt the language of such series — fitted the typical victim profile in such cases: a high-profile sacrifice people would notice. Said by his neighbours to be a noisy man, who didn't keep himself to himself, he will not be much missed.

The other troubling aspect of the Winner case concerns Nick 'Em Ross, his BBC1 counterpart, co-host of *Crimewatch UK* and sole host of its summer spin-off, **Crime Limited**. Just before the LWT show was dumped, Nick 'Em referred to Winner's series as a "TV whore" in a session at the Edinburgh television festival. As all national media editors and reporters attend Edinburgh, his comments were printed in the newspapers, provoking the usual loud and rude fury from Winner.

At this point, Nick 'Em publicly apologised to Winner and "unreservedly withdrew" his remarks. Can Ross really have thought that comments made in a public forum with reporters present were somehow private? And, philosophically, how can accurately reported views be reclassified as untrue merely because their subject has heard them? Admittedly, Timothy Clifford tried the same manoeuvre with J. Paul Getty in the Three Graces affair, but there millions of pounds were at stake. Ross faced only the wrath of a ludicrously self-important film director.

But observers of Nick 'Em have worried for some time that he was going mad. How could he call Winner's series a "TV whore", anyway, when his own shows have a nearly identical, if slightly more hygienic, Madame? Last week's *Crime Limited*, for example, the first since the row, seemed particularly decked-around with anti-whore devices, but they were pretty unconvincing.

"This series," Nick 'Em explained in his first piece-to-camera, "has been about how the criminal justice system fails those it is designed to protect." This made it sound like a serious talking-head show, but Ross knew he was about to introduce two real-life reconstructions of crimes, so he added a rider: "To help explain the issues, actors reconstruct the events." Well, hang on. Do we really believe that millions tune in to *Crime Limited* — or that Alan Yentob gives it the juicy 8.30pm slot — because of the way it deals with issues? The point of the show is a real-life version of *The Bill* and other police series.

In the efforts to disguise this, and put up as big a public service front as possible, Ross has now completely abandoned the BBC traditions of impartiality in presenters, and become a pseudo-politician. His intro to last week's second film, for instance, sounded exactly like a party political broadcast, as Nick 'Em intoned: "Racism is one of the ugliest crimes in our society... as the home secretary remarked last year... A tough new bill has been introduced — and not before time..." It was hard not to feel that the subsequent graphic reconstruction of racial violence and abuse did more for the show's viewing figures than Ross's homilies.

So Ross might be glad that ITV has washed its hands of Winner, but Nick 'Em and the BBC need to wash their hands as well. Unless, of course, these comments upset them in which case they are unreservedly withdrawn.

'Square Eyes'

MEDIA NEWS

USING your skill and judgement fill in the blank spaces to reveal the name of a famous person: R*P*RT M*RCH.**

Tricky, huh? But not for the plucky contestant who was battling to win a car in the tough final round of a recent *Wheel of Fortune*, the moronic quiz show on ITV.

Fittingly, the show is sponsored by the moronic *Sun* newspaper, which is owned by someone who is far from moronic. The sly old D*R*Y D*GG*R hasn't lost his touch, has he?

AMBITIOUS TV wannabes should think twice before responding to the latest *Guardian* ad seeking scriptwriters for *Coronation Street*.

Granada is holding workshops for young writers at which, on a trial basis, they develop storylines for the famous Manchester yawn (*shurely "yarn"?*)

Imagine the surprise, then, of three budding writers who attended a workshop four months ago. None was apparently good enough for a job, but their ideas — obtained for nothing — were, and they now feature on the soap week after week.

As a consolation the rejected trio were offered a pub lunch with the stars at the Granada bar. And yes, they had to pay for the lunch themselves. Granada didn't make £176 million profit last year by giving away free sandwiches.

HOW THEY ARE RELATED

THE positive discrimination policies now governing the BBC's coveted traineeships have attracted a lot of comment — not least from the disgruntled white middle-class oppressor classes for whom competition for places is now stiffer than ever.

But little has been written about the regional news trainee scheme where one minority — the scions of senior BBC management — are still just about keeping their end up.

Bitter and twisted types who have been turned downed for one of the 13 places will be interested to learn that a traineeship went last year to Rhodri Talfan Davies of BBC North East. His dad is Geraint Talfan Davies, the controller of BBC Wales. This year BBC Wales sent Lisa Roberts, a radio researcher, on the course. Her dad, Roy Roberts, is now the BBC's "head of centre" in Plymouth, whatever that means in the new Birtian set-up, and is a former BBC Wales employee.

TV
Michael Moore's
TV NATION
HERE WE HAVE A JOKEY FAT MAN ...
WHO TAKES A LIGHT-HEARTED LOOK AT SERIOUS SUBJECTS
BECAUSE HE HASN'T THE TALENT FOR SERIOUS INVESTIGATION ...
IN
SO WE ASKED HIM WHY HE'S DOING THE BBC A FAVOUR AND TAKING HIS RUBBISH TO CARLTON?
TELEVISION CENTRE
OUT
Ken Pyne

THE EDINBURGH TELEVISION FESTIVAL

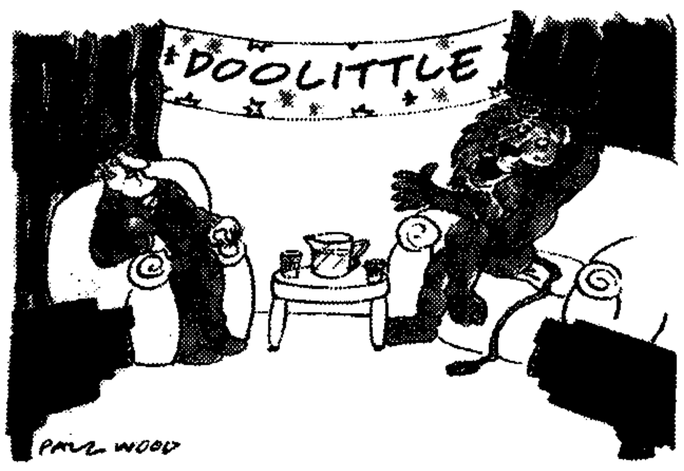
WHENEVER the Edinburgh TV festival programme promises an "entertaining hypothetical", it means just one thing: a lot of people from ITV take the stage to tell us how incompetent they are at: 1) scheduling; 2) talking to each other on the telephone; and 3) finding money.

Usually the "entertaining" part of the proceedings is performed by the very rich gameshow host and producer William G. Stewart, who takes the stage in a silly jacket. Very entertaining.

This year the host was *Newsnight* presenter Kirsty Wark, and again, the "hypothetical" promised to ask "some crucial questions about the new ITV structure".

Discussion of the ITV system always causes great hilarity at Edinburgh, not least for those on stage; but why did no one ask *this* question: if it's such a mess, why don't these people do something to change it instead of year after year laughing at how terribly incompetent and dishonest they all are?

The usual criticism of Edinburgh is that programme makers forget their viewers. So this year there were pre-filmed viewer soundbites to introduce each session. Several of these included working class couples sitting on dreadful settees, talking about how they argue over what to watch. The audience bellowed patronisingly: how quaint, how amusing, how thick. Lucky they made programmes for each other rather than gits like this.



"It's great to be here in England, Doctor"

One tense moment occurred in the *Arena* arts debate, where series editors Nigel Finch and Anthony Wall discussed what happens "when the innovative becomes the orthodoxy" — or "What the hell do we do when the BBC drops our precious series?" One trainee producer took the microphone from the floor to ask where young people fitted into the scene. He was visibly shaking.

"My gen... gen..." he began.

"You're talking about your g-g-g-g-generation," said Wall.

Unfortunately the poor youngster was too young to have remembered the song and thought Wall was having a go at his nervous stammer. "Well, I've never spoken in front of this many people before," he quivered. And never will again, after that.

The real drama of the festival takes place off-stage, usually in the George Bar. Best viewing this year included "Mr Anneka Rice" Tom Gutteridge, of Mentorn Films, who had taken time off from not wanting to be photographed kissing his lady friend in the south of France ("I'll be on the 11.30 to Nice, lads"), to be there; Carlton's managing director Paul Jackson bravely turning up to take the ongoing flak for his station's output *again*; the *Independent*'s Alison Pearson in a mood, for reasons that nobody understood (one theory was that it was because her name had been spelt wrongly in the programme); and, for comedy, Jaci Stephen inevitably sidling up to ITV's Paul "Built to Scale" Bonner, trying to find out if his nickname was justified.

In terms of professional insight, Edinburgh was, as usual, a bore. The highlight was when the limousine carrying a number of BBC executives, including Janet Street-Porter, crashed into the back of the one carrying Michael Grade. Strange. They don't usually manage to keep up with him.

William McTelly

HACKWATCH: Brian Hitchen

BRIAN HITCHEN — Eve Pollard's replacement as editor of the *Sunday Express* and "Britain's hardest-hitting columnist" (© B. Hitchen) — had harsh words for those of her troops he hadn't immediately sacked. Their task, he barked at his first pep talk, was to "turn this magazine back into a newspaper".

He certainly wasted no time in signing up an exciting new columnist — one Brian Hitchen, late of the *Daily Star* — and giving himself an entire page on which to disseminate his world view.

Aspiring *Sunday Express* readers more used to a weekly diet of fawning drivel about the eating habits of the "county set" are in for a shock: hang 'em, flog 'em and display their entrails in the high street Hitchen makes Alf Garnett sound like a *Guardian* leader writer. For those unfamiliar with his hard-hitting views, here's a crib:

4 January 1994: Brian gets tough on crime, a favourite topic. Duane Daniels, a 19-year-old crackhead has been "caged for a measly 10 years" for 950 crimes. Hearing one of Daniels's victims was a vet, Brian says: "It's a pity he couldn't have been taken to the vet and put to sleep. Permanently."

11 January: In sensuous mood Brian recalls the days when air hostesses were glamorous and "the sexiest uniform" was worn by Pan-Am hostesses. "It was a powder-blue, figure-hugging creation and whoever interviewed Pan-Am hostesses for the job clearly preferred blondes." He doesn't like the new wardrobe for British Airways employees ("I thought the stewardesses' outfit was meant for somebody in Chu Chin Chow"). But he adds a hard-hitting observation: "Designer Paul Costello is an Irishman and lives with his family in Dublin."

1 February: Brian also has hard-hitting views on Sinn Fein president Gerry Adams. "Gerry Adams is the kind of man who would look well in a coffin with a space where his head used to be."

8 February: Brian defends Michael Portillo's remarks about foreign students buying their degrees and suggests Virginia Bottomley "must crack down on the rag-tag hordes who are bleeding dry our National Health Service".

15 February: Brian meets some surly students on a train who object to a man smoking in the buffet car. As Brian walked down the station platform, one of the students stuck his head out of a window and shouted abuse at him for being small-minded. "Close to the edge of the platform is a steel pillar. If he'd only kept his head out of the window for a split second longer..."

22 March: "The good news is that Myra Hindley has a bad heart. The bad news is that they are talking about letting her loose." Brian is scornful of Myra's offer to take a truth drug to help her remember where the body of one of her victims is buried. "Might not a red-hot poker help her to remember a damn sight quicker?" he wonders.

29 March: A yob causes a nuisance to 30 passengers on a train and picks a fight with the chief buffet car steward before being manhandled off the train. Brian is disappointed. "What he really needed was a bloody good hiding. And then slinging from the train when it gathered speed. What a shame it didn't all happen in Singapore where creatures like him are tied naked to a trestle and flogged with a rattan cane until the flesh on their backsides turns to pulp."

5 April: Back on the subject of South Africa, Brian is furious that "Nelson Mandela and his Communist gangsters plan to dismantle the Zulu nation because the Zulus like the whites". He thinks de Klerk "will go down in history as the half-wit who gave away the country". Brian's solution? Apply sanctions by cutting off "all aid" unless Mandela "stops punishing the Zulus".

Brian returns to the "scumbag" who terrorised the train passengers, as related in his last column. He has been caught stealing car radios in a supermarket car park. "In the struggle with supermarket security officers, the thief was bashed about a bit. But not enough."

12 April: "I hate the IRA," Brian says. He attacks Sir Patrick Mayhew for claiming that he is using language that would strike a chord with Republicans. "The scum should be coaxed to surrender at the point of a gun. As to striking a chord, the only cord the IRA needs to know about is spelt differently. It should be cut into many lengths with a noose at the end of each." Brian wishes Major would move Sir Michael Rose from Bosnia to Northern Ireland. "It would be wonderful to hear him call down an air strike on IRA bandits in South Armagh."

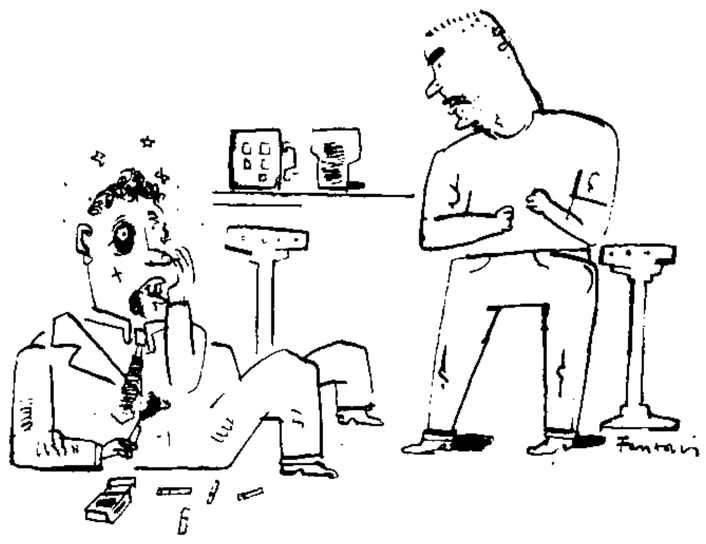
3 May: Brian is angry about the latest influx of immigrants from Eastern Europe. "By letting in this lot, and thousands of other immigrants before them, isn't Britain itself in danger of changing beyond all recognition?"

17 May: Brian rejoices that 18-year-old American Michael Foy has to use an air cushion to sit down after his punishment for vandalising cars in Singapore, and praises a man who discovered a youth breaking off his car aerial and used the aerial to beat the vandal. "The yob yelped and screamed as the blood came through his trousers. Satisfied, the car owner dumped the sobbing vandal in the gutter..."

16 August: Brian comes up with a brilliant idea for reducing the £300-a-week cost of keeping thieving youngsters in secure accommodation. "All the jailers would have to do is throw a case of baked beans into their cells at the start of the week and refuse to give the louts a tin-opener. Imagine their faces when they were told that, if they are so good at house-breaking, they should see how long it takes them to break into a can of beans!"

23 August: Brian pooh-poohs the idea that employees need stress-counselling. "I've twice almost drowned in the Caribbean, been lost in the Arctic, been bombed, shot at and even been accused of spying in Pakistan and put before a firing squad... So if you are a social worker, don't tell me about stress. I've been there, done it and got the T-shirt." Elsewhere Brian repeats his hard-hitting solution to the IRA problem: "A noose for every one of them!"

30 August: In his farewell *Star* column, Brian welcomes Wandsworth's plans to set up a municipal police force. "From the howls and screams that met the plan, you'd have thought they were proposing to gang-rape Snow White!" But he is angry that a female Yardie drug-dealer has been sent back to Jamaica in a business class seat. "Why wasn't she packed in a crate and shipped back to Jamaica in the hold of the aircraft?" he rants.



"Sorry, I'm a not-very-passive smoker"

LUVVIES

The surprise choice as Ophelia is the late Dennis Potter's muse, Gina Bellman, who bravely played out the performance I saw with two broken toes. "I went to hospital and they said they wanted to keep me in. I remember screaming out, 'But I'm Ophelia in Peter Hall's Hamlet,' and then I passed out."

Evening Standard

Submitted by Sebastian Sharples.

An occasional column devoted to gems from the acting profession. £10 paid for entries.

DIPLOMACY

THE South Americans bitterly oppose the idea of the United Nations authorising the United States to invade Haiti — or anywhere else in the hemisphere. So why didn't Brazil and Argentina, the two Latin American countries on the security council, vote against?

Brazil abstained because it was given $200 million debt relief.

President Carlos Menem of Argentina does not know what to do with his armed forces, but he wants to keep them as far away from the Falklands as possible, so Argentina not only voted for the resolution, but offered troops and ships as well. Of course it helped that the US offered a deal on a longstanding patent dispute with Argentina.

SCARE STORY

B.J. HABIBIE, Indonesia's research and technology minister, is developing nuclear ambitions in spite of the country's enormous natural gas resources.

A 600-megawatt nuclear power station (as the first of 12) is planned for a site at Muria Mountain on the north coast of central Java.

But there are unanswered questions. Muria Mountain is an extinct volcano, and it lies within an active seismological area that worries the safety conscious. Back in February this year an earthquake destroyed the Sumatran town of Liwa. On that occasion, Indonesian officials underestimated its force, measuring it as a 6.5 on the Richter scale, as opposed to the United States Geological Survey estimate of a potentially reactor-busting 7.2.

Then there's the problem of cost. The state electricity monopoly PIN estimates that such nuclear electricity would cost 7.9 US cents a unit. A combined gas and steam alternative would cost 4.2. Add to this the fact that Indonesia does not have the technical expertise to operate nuclear power plants safely, not to mention the corruption and nepotism rife in the letting of contracts, and the whole idea turns into a non-starter.

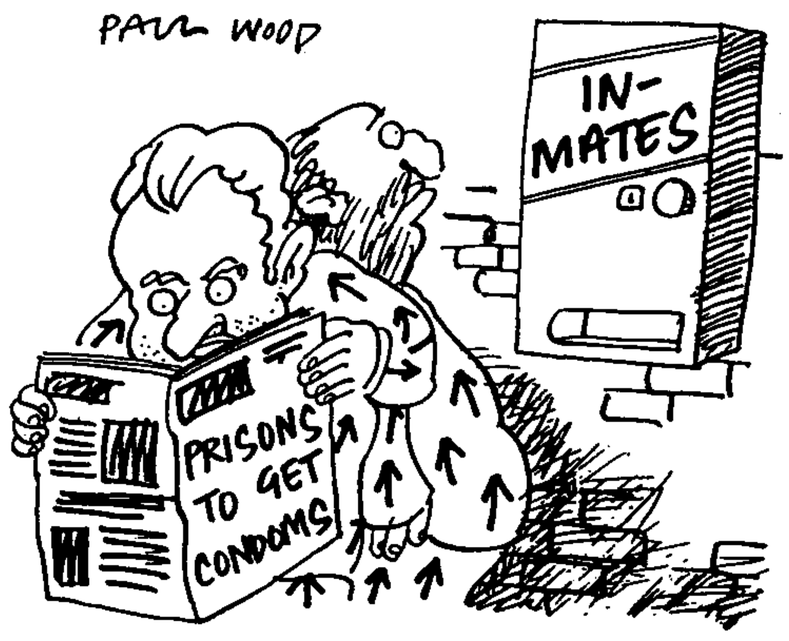
This, however, does not worry Suharto. "History has shown that societies have been able to grasp and command science and technology, including nuclear power," said the Great Helmsman, avoiding trifling, Chernobyl-sized worries, and making cynics wonder what he really wants the plutonium for.

ENVIRONMENT

HAVING turned huge bits of the West Midlands into toxic waste dumps, Leigh Environmental is now poisoning other firms' workers.

Leigh — who brought the notorious Karin B waste ship to Britain — has a landfill site in Brownhills, near Walsall, which produces huge quantities of methane. The firm is meant to burn it off, but it has taken to switching off the equipment instead, claiming there is too little gas.

In fact there is too much, and the methane, contaminated with other gases, has poisoned dozens of workers on the nearby Coppice industrial estate for several weeks. Leigh's excuse? It says changes in atmospheric pressure have caused unusual amounts of methane to be produced — ignoring the fact that its equipment is meant to monitor the levels day and night.



PRISON NEWS

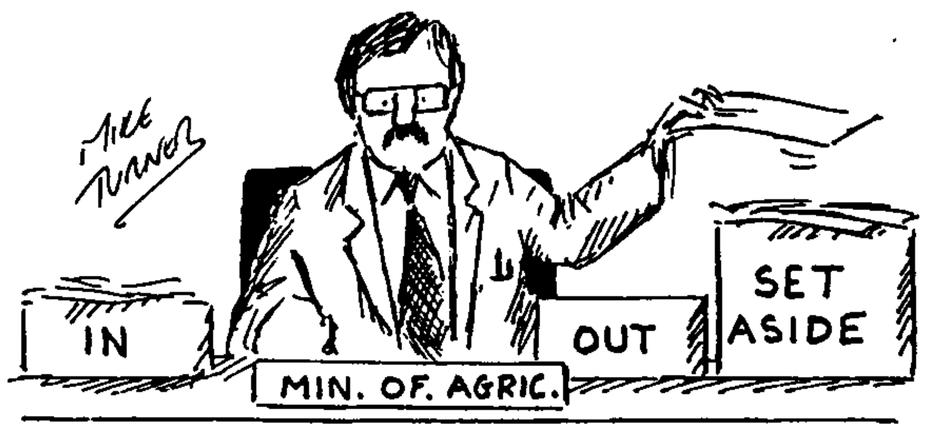
ASTOUNDING tidings from the Police Scientific Development Branch — part of the home office's science and technology group.

"Care has to be taken in prisons to keep inmates away from tools and materials that could assist escape attempts," it says wisely, adding: "Rope and knotted sheets fall into this category."

Taxpayers will be reassured to know that a group of experts are being paid money to come up with this kind of advice — and to know that the PSDB is even now experimenting with automatic "rope detectors". They're bound to be a lot cheaper than old fashioned real people who require constant payment for their services. As the bulletin says: "There are many techniques for detecting perimeter intrusion that do not require the constant attention of a human operator."

DOWN ON THE FARM

'New Muckspreader'



HEADLINES that milk prices may rise and thousands of dairy jobs are at risk have created much heat but little light.

Behind the claims is hype-king Chris Haskins, chairman of the Dairy Trades Federation (DTF) and chief executive of Northern Foods, the food manufacturing giant and handmaiden of the big supermarkets.

As always, nothing is quite what it seems. Haskins claims that the price of liquid milk may have to rise by 2p a pint to cover increased charges from the farmer-friendly cooperative, Milk Marque. This is one of the trading bodies which is to replace the unloved Milk Marketing Board (MMB) on 1 November.

Andrew Dare, chief executive of Milk Marque, replies that the prices charged by his organisation will be exactly the same as the MMB rates would have been, at about 26p litre. There is, he says, no need to increase the price of liquid milk for the next 12 months.

Behind this posturing lies a power struggle which has been going on for the last two years, centred on the demise of the 60-year milk-buying monopoly exercised by the MMB. When plans to abolish the MMB were announced two years ago — in the name of creating a free market for milk — Haskins and his DTF pals saw the opportunity to buy up milk directly from producers, carving up the market between them and their supermarket customers. They set about bribing farmers with offers of lucrative contracts for direct supply, way above going rates.

However, the dairy farmers were rightly suspicious of the food giants. They had learned from the experience of the egg producers and potato growers: once in the hands of the big boys, prices would end up squeezed and contracts could be dropped at a moment's notice.

Instead, the farmers opted in droves for the relatively cosy security of Milk Marque, which has currently signed up 70 per cent of dairy farmers. This has left the DTF having to pay the market rate for its milk, without the longer term prospect of being able to force down prices. In addition, it has had to fund the bribes paid to the 30 per cent or so of farmers that it has conned into supplying them direct.

With margins being squeezed by the supermarkets (who sell milk at loss-leader rates 10p a pint below doorstep delivery prices), DTF members are now screaming for a price hike. To prepare the ground, Haskins has fingered Milk Marque, correctly anticipating that the media would blame the "greedy farmers" who had opted to supply the cooperative.

With the manufacturing arm way over capacity and overdue for rationalisation, Haskins also hopes to pin the blame for job losses on Milk Marque, which is rapidly assuming the role of industry scapegoat.

To an extent, however, dairy farmers do stand to benefit as the prices of milk used for cheese-making and other manufacturing will increase. There will also be a cash-bonus paid to farmers on the demise of the MMB. But here the suicidal tendencies for which the farming community is well known come into play.

With the extra money, many farmers will look to increase output. But individuals are limited as to how much they can produce by the EC quota allocations given to each farm. The only way they can top up their production is to buy or lease more quota from other farmers.

As a result of pressure from cash-rich farmers, quota lease prices have soared from 7p to 13p a litre, making it more profitable for small-scale dairy farmers to lease out their allocation to larger, intensive producers, rather than actually milk cows themselves. This will continue the pressure on the welfare-friendly small producers whose numbers have reduced by more than 60,000 in just over 20 years.

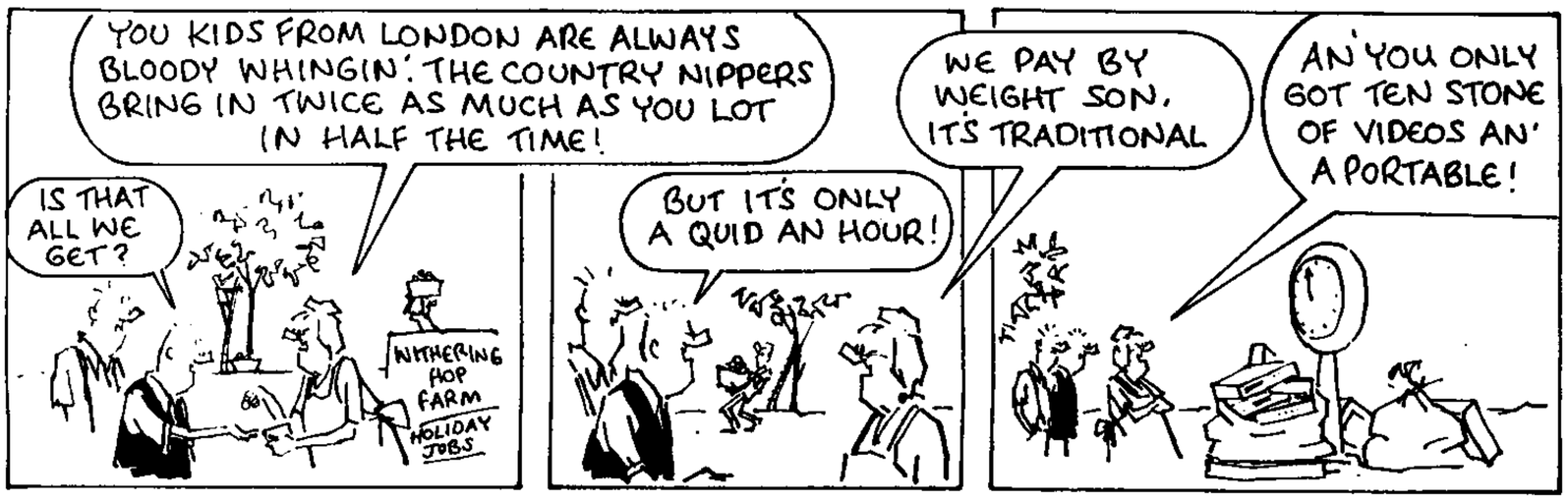
But the biggest irony of all is that although the MMB was abandoned in the name of creating "a free market" in milk, that is the last thing we will see. The EC quota system restricts UK production to 15 per cent less milk than we actually need, creating a rigged market.

Even then it is not a seller's paradise. So-called "hygiene" and other rules prevent local dairy producers supplying direct to local customers, preventing the application of true market forces. Almost all milk production will be concentrated in the hands of Milk Marque, which will "manage" prices based on the margins needed by intensive producers. This will force thousands more small producers, from dairy farmers to cheese-makers, to quit the industry.

Amid all this jockeying for power and cash, the last factor to be taken into consideration, of course, has been the poor old cows who produce the milk. The one outcome of the present confusion we can bet on is that more of them than ever will end up being squeezed dry in vast "industrial" units, while the less intensive small dairy farmer disappears from the countryside forever.

Old Macdonald

ALBERT


YOU KIDS FROM LONDON ARE ALWAYS BLOODY WHINGIN'. THE COUNTRY NIPPERS BRING IN TWICE AS MUCH AS YOU LOT IN HALF THE TIME!
IS THAT ALL WE GET?
WITHERING HOP FARM
HOLIDAY JOBS
BUT IT'S ONLY A QUID AN HOUR!
WE PAY BY WEIGHT SON, IT'S TRADITIONAL
AN' YOU ONLY GOT TEN STONE OF VIDEOS AN' A PORTABLE!

DOING THE ROUNDS

ALL IS not well at Royal Oldham hospital, where 10 junior doctors have written to trust chairman Mary Firth claiming "gross understaffing" on the medical wards has lead to "dangerously inadequate levels of care".

Patients have to wait hours to be assessed by a doctor and the trust had to close to emergencies on several occasions in June and July. The elderly ward is staffed at half the recommended level causing "an impossible situation for the remaining on-call staff... The attention given to individual patients is desperately lacking on a day to day basis, and their admission stay is undoubtedly prolonged beyond what is necessary."

Ms Firth said: "This is just a little blip."

● A THEATRE nurse shortage at the £1 million indebted **Wansbeck district hospital** has caused the cancellation of operations. Urologist Jeremy Feggetter said: "We are in a downward spiral. Lack of money equals lack of staff equals lack of operating time equals failure to achieve contracts equals lack of money. It is essential to put money in now if this hospital is to survive."

● **BRADFORD Royal Infirmary (BRI)** will soon boast a new £2 million hospital — built by Bupa. The announcement comes less than a year after trust managers strongly denied there was any substance to rumours of, ahem, a Bupa link.

David Mobbs, director of the private **Yorkshire Clinic** nearby, is not amused. "I am outraged and shocked that this project has not gone out to competitive tender. It appears to be a cosy deal with Bupa and the BRI, using public assets."

● PEARSE "Piss" Butler, chief executive of **Wirral Health**, has sent an interesting memo to the director of health policy, Dr Peter Bundred. "Dear Peter, I agree with you that liposuction should not be funded out of our extra-contractual referral budget and that we should sustain that line. Clearly,

this one could blow up in the press and we need to keep talking..."

● "MISTAKES, staff shortages and a lack of forward planning" helped account for the loss of four out of 10 cardiac beds at **Birmingham's Selly Oak hospital**, admitted **South Birmingham HA** chairman Bryan Stoten. Mr Stoten was, however, keen to emphasise that the closures were not due to mismanagement.

● STAFF cuts at **Avon's ambulance service** are affecting emergencies, with some shifts not fully covered. Crews are often so rushed they don't have time to fill in emergency reports and many have to skip meals. Ambulances are out of service because money is not available for minor repairs, while others are forced to cover incidents outside their area.

● PEOPLE living near **Bradford's Lynfield Mount secure hospital** have asked for an alarm to be sounded whenever a patient escapes. In June, a "violent and dangerous" man gave two nurses the slip while walking in the grounds.

● GEORGE LEECH has been sacked from his post as medical school beadle at **London St Thomas's hospital** after 23 years' local service because, as one consultant put it, "an earthy, one-legged cockney does not fit in with the trust's new corporate image".

● **GLOUCESTERSHIRE Royal trust hospital** has been advertising for "A-grade nurses" for its trauma and orthopaedic department. Nearby **Elizabeth House** wants an "A-grade nurse" to care for its elderly patients. In fact, an A-grade nurse is not a nurse at all, but the lowest grade of nursing assistant, for which no formal qualification is needed.

● **FURNESS general hospital** is to close ward four and the 22 beds that go with it because, as general manager Brian Cosgrove, explained: "We are too efficient." This efficiency doubtless extends to the trust's £1.7 million damages payout ordered by the high court last week.

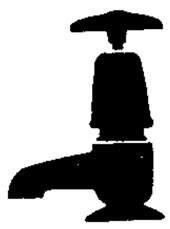
● THE national audit office is to investigate the sale by **Mid Glamorgan health authority** of **Bridgend's Parc hospital** to the home office for the construction of a private prison. The HO paid just £1 million for the 43-acre prime industrial site, which has been valued at more than £4 million.

● ALL IS NOT well at **London's St George's hospital**, top of Mrs Bottomley's operating tables. Theatres are short-staffed and operating lists frequently run over their allotted times in the Lanesborough and St James' wings. Four operating department assistants have recently left and others are considering a move after theatre manager Janet McCabe issued a "clean-shaven ultimatum". Offenders are sent home to shave and then expected to explain to the surgeon and anaesthetist why their list has been delayed.

● A WARD at **London's St Charles' hospital** has been hired out to a satellite TV company to make a porno film for just £200. Bashir Arif, director of corporate affairs, said: "We were unaware they planned to make a sex film. We let people use the ward because of its proximity to the BBC."

M.D.

WATER NEWS



WELSH WATER provides more evidence that privatisation was a really good idea.

Though it has bugger all to do with improving water quality and everything to do with improving dividends for shareholders, the company is now pitching for lucrative private road-building business. With John Laing and Tarmac, Welsh Water has teamed up with the French toll roads outfit Transroute to win a slice of the £400 million in contracts announced by the government last month.

The four road schemes, all in England, could be nice little earners: as well as building the roads, successful bidders will collect the tolls, too. Not only that, but if successful Welsh Water will have somewhere for its top employees to race their shiny new £20,000 M-registered executive saloons.

But should Welsh Water be considering such expansion given its poor record? It failed miserably in its attempt to merge with South Wales Electricity; it bungled its attempt to run a hotel business; it lost £7.5 million when it had to close its technology and pipelines businesses earlier this year; and Acer, the vehicle through which it bid for the toll roads contracts, has cost it £40 million in goodwill "write-offs" following its purchase and another £9.3 million in restructuring costs.

Meanwhile Welsh Water's 1.2 million "customers" put up with indifferent water quality or queue up at the supermarket to buy the bottled variety. And just as the company put in its roads bid, its sewers in Ruthin, North Wales, broke down and filled the River Clwyd with raw sewage killing all the trout downstream.

AWARE of the growing unpopularity of Britain's privatised water companies, North West Water is investing some of its huge profits in a hi-tech propaganda campaign. It has developed a computer software package called "ASK North West Water", which it says is a "multi-media prototype system".

The software was developed at the Institute for Learning Sciences at the Northwestern University in Chicago, where it aroused the interest of *Wired* magazine. *Wired* described North West Water's package as being designed "to convince customers that rising water rates and rising executive salaries are in everyone's interests".

When this outrageous and cynical suggestion was put to North West Water, a spokeswoman at its headquarters in Penketh, near Warrington, claimed the software was simply an information package containing details of the company's various activities. She added that it was based on new research into "how people learn and remember things".

Pre-privatisation this sort of thing would have been called "propaganda on the rates". Now it's simply a tax deductible business expense.

JOYRIDING NEWS

THE CASE of the Birmingham joyrider who lost control of his stolen car and careered into a wall — with tragic consequences for 13-year-old Rebecca Mughal — raises yet more questions about the city's social services.

Rebecca, who was sitting on the wall with some friends, lost her leg in the accident. What she and her group were doing hanging around outside at midnight is a question only Oakhill children's home in Harborne can answer. The children were all supposedly in care there.

The truth is that the home's undertrained and inadequate staff have long since chucked in the towel and their "clients" are allowed to walk in and out at any time of the day or night. Usually they simply burgle or terrorise pensioners on the nearby retirement estate or sniff glue and leave the debris in local gardens. This time it was the children who scattered in terror.

Social services director Richard Evans responded promptly. Staff, he said, were doing their job "appropriately".

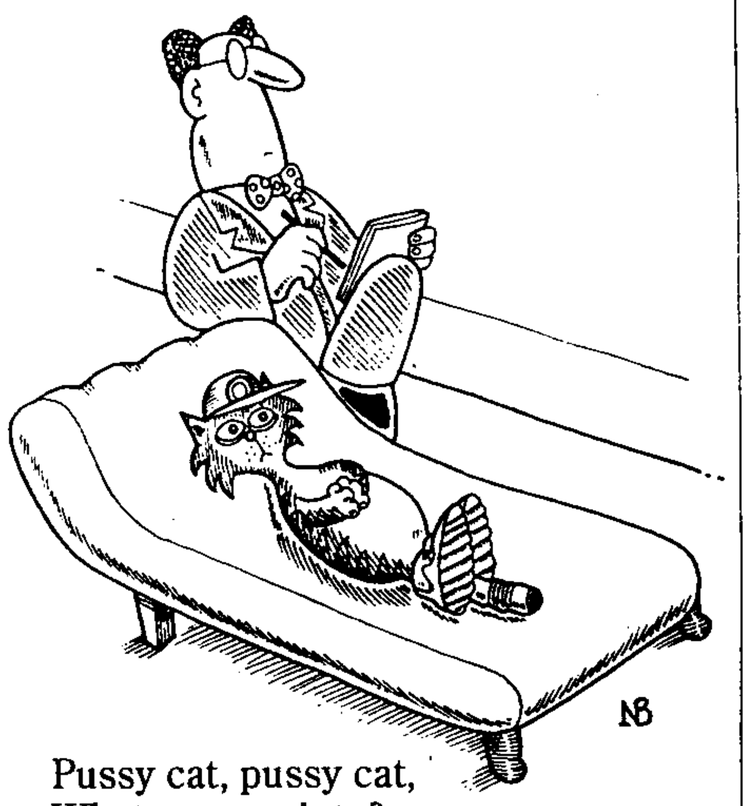
SHIPPING

WHAT A PITY it would be if in the flurry of selling the north-east shipyard Swan Hunter to a private bidder, the plans for the MV Derbyshire, built by Swan Hunter, somehow went astray.

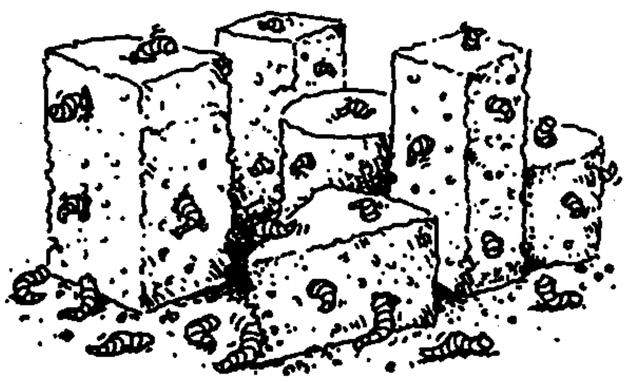
What a blow that would be for the families and friends of the crew of the ship, all 44 of whom were lost when she suddenly sank in the China Sea in 1980.

Ever since there has been a campaign calling for a public inquiry into why the Derbyshire snapped in two. Most experts suspect a design fault — and that shipbuilders the world over have been covering up the disaster.

Pre-School Nursery Facility Rhymes



Pussy cat, pussy cat,
What are you into?
Therapy, wheat germ,
Aerobics and Shinto.



ROTTEN BOROUGHS

MURKEYSIDE

INTERNATIONAL media attention in the Petrona Lashley affair, from as far afield as Japan and Italy, feels like a return to old times for devotees of Liverpool politics.

Scousers were also gladdened by news that *Sunday Sport* hacks got a physical going-over from Toxteth residents when they tried to add "lesbianism" to the list of alleged misdemeanours committed by the city's deputy mayor.

Lashley's Labour colleagues on Liverpool council gave her unanimous backing for fear of being branded "racist". But an important aspect of the Lashley episode has been overlooked: who was behind the leaking of her convictions for prostitution and deception in the first place?

A fortnight after Lashley's appointment as deputy lord mayor (which would almost certainly have led to her becoming the first black mayor of Liverpool in 1995), the *Liverpool Echo* received an anonymous letter detailing her previous convictions. Despite making later claims about the need to expose Lashley's past assiduously, the *Echo* did absolutely nothing about it until the *News of the World* took up the story.

Information about criminal convictions going back 25 years is notoriously difficult to obtain, and Murkeyside police deny that any of its officers were party to leaking such info. Yet local politicians do have connections with individual officers — particularly councillors who have served in the past as members of Merseyside police authority.

Lashley's "persecution" by the media leaves many of her 99 fellow councillors sweating lest the papers persist in their pursuit of past wrongdoings — and there are plenty of candidates for investigation.

TANDRIDGE

THE SUDDEN resignation of Tandridge councillor Robin Gardner from a working party set up to build a £2.5 million sports centre at the grant-maintained de Stafford school in Caterham, Surrey, has left colleagues baffled.

The centre was also to have been used by local people, but funds have long been hard to find.

Mr Gardner's resignation came after he was found deep in talks with Lifecare, an NHS trust, whose first action was to close down the nearby St Lawrence's hospital for the mentally handicapped and flog off the whole prime site to developers.

Tandridge council granted planning permission on the St Lawrence's site on condition that Lifecare provided some sports and community facilities — a condition the trust is desperate to have revoked. A confidential business plan drawn up by Gardner and Lifecare reveals that Gardner agreed to persuade the council to ditch the planning conditions — in return for cash towards the de Stafford project, which would be one of the biggest property developments in the area.

Gardner, a Conservative, is a school governor of de Stafford — but when Labour group leader Dick Moran forced the debate that led to his resignation, Gardner claimed he had been acting neither as a school governor nor as a councillor but as a private individual.

At least he wasn't acting in his *professional* capacity — as one of the town's biggest property developers!

ISLINGTON

MUTINY is sweeping through the former People's Republic of Islington where generous hand-outs to departing staff are causing discontent.

On being eased out recently as council neighbourhood services director, Martin Higgins was rewarded with a £50,000 early retirement lump sum and a £20,000 annual pension — he desperately needed the money to tide him over before taking up his latest (paid) post for a housing association.

Envious glances are being cast on the Higgins windfall by other senior officers — particularly assistant building services director Keith Simpson.

The deeply religious Simpson wants a similar "retirement" package after spending the last four years as the council hatchet man who sacked half the direct labour stewards committee. A costly out-of-court settlement saved the council from having its Stalinist personnel policies exposed at election time in the "Tory" press. But Simpson now claims he too should be pensioned off as he is suffering from a genetic kidney disease. Somehow this condition slipped his memory on his original application form, a copy of which has come into the *Eye*'s possession.

"Flintstein? Too foreign. Flintstone's more American"

STRATHCLYDE

WILLIAM M. PERRY, newly-appointed Labour convenor of Strathclyde regional council, is the most popular councillor in Scotland.

After only three months of his two-year term (Strathclyde will be axed in 1996) Perry's special allowances are to rise by 51 percent — from £11,934 to £18,000 a year — and the "Big Man" is said to be "absolutely delighted".

Finance director Archie Gillespie explained to councillors on the finance committee that it was due to an Inland Revenue ruling. Allowances for the convenor would be taxed at 25 percent — and "...it appears that a review of allowances is required".

Convenor Perry was absent when munificent Labour *and* Conservative finance committee members unanimously agreed to grant him the quango-style award. Not so pleased, however, was the trade union Unison. Its 39,000 Strathclyde employees also pay income tax at 25 percent and were recently offered a 2 percent wage increase by their good-housekeeping Labour bosses.

RENFREW

WHEN Paul Mack, former deputy Labour leader of Renfrew district council, was found guilty of assaulting an ex-girlfriend and fined £200 (*Eye* 852), the naive assumed his political career would be over.

It was presumed that if Labour officials did *not* sack him, the comrades might even be seen to be condoning violence against women. However, members of his own group are now arguing furiously after his executive announced that Mack *would* remain in office but that he "has been ordered to quit his previous positions of responsibility".

LAMBETH

LABOUR has a habit of choosing some strange people to become councillors in loony Lambeth. Take Peter O'Connell, for example, who has only been in office a few months.

O'Connell seems determined to make a name for himself, and is threatening to sue his own council over an alleged breach of contract.

Two years ago he applied for the job of Lambeth chief press officer and was so sure of being appointed that before the closing date for applications had passed he burst into the town hall press office and informed astonished hacks that he was bound to get the job since he was the choice of Walworth Road (Labour party headquarters) and had been campaign manager for new local Labour MP, Keith Hill. He then asked his prospective colleagues to hand over their contact books of addresses and telephone numbers.

O'Connell was duly appointed but only a few days before he was due to start Lambeth wrote and asked him to "withdraw" his application due to complaints from town hall staff.

O'Connell has been desperate to get on the council ever since. This ridiculous legal action, let alone victory for O'Connell, would cost Lambeth money it can barely afford with debts of several hundred million pounds. So much for Tory cuts.

A HELPFUL LETTER

LAMBETH
HOUSING SERVICE

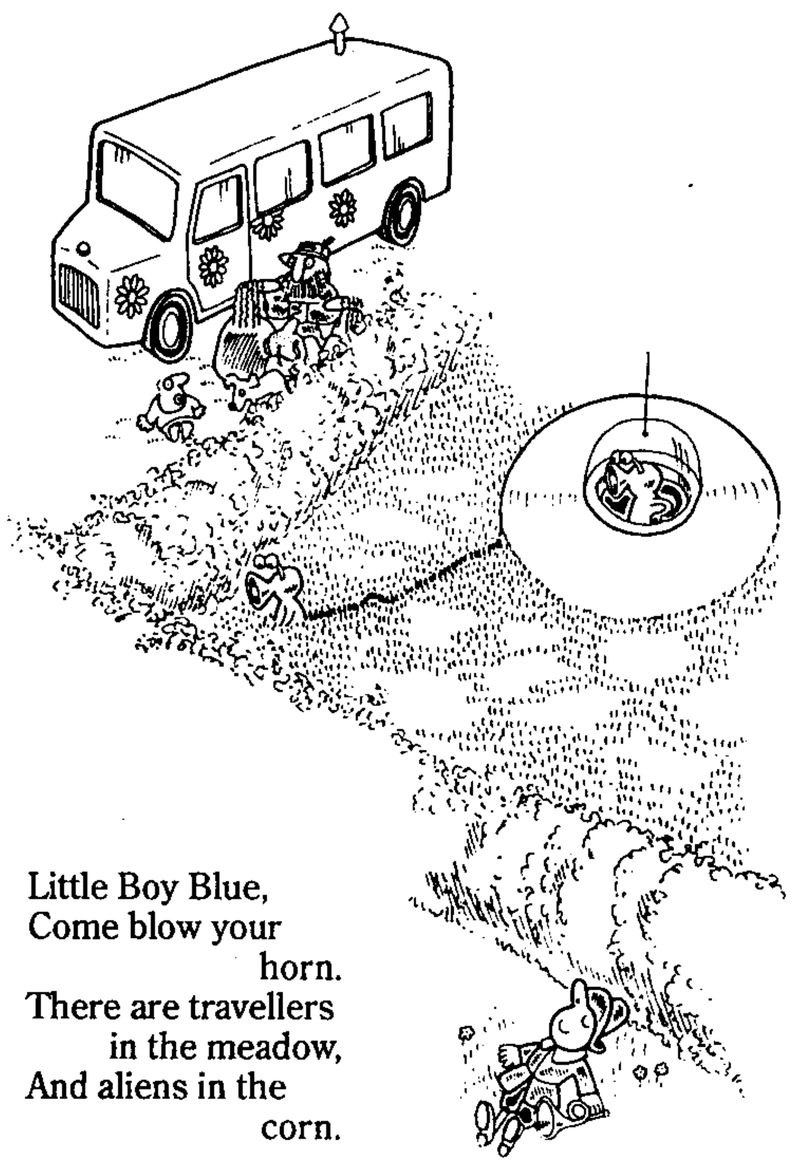
18/08/94

Dear Sir,
Re: [Name withheld]
In my last letter I told you that the above named tenant had been underpaid by £221.48.
This overpayment has been reduced by £221.48. This overpayment has been increased by £221.48. This overpayment has been increased by £221.48. This means that the overpayment has been cleared. If you have any queries about this letter please let me know (telephone on 071-926-3717/20).
Yours sincerely,
N. Nelson
Deputy Financial Manager

HUSBAND

In my view scum like that should be locked away for a long time!....
and given a severe birching!!
Thankyou. You may sit down
Cheers mum. You've been a great help

Pre-School Nursery Facility Rhymes



Little Boy Blue,
Come blow your
horn.
There are travellers
in the meadow,
And aliens in the
corn.

SALLY DEEDES

HAVE the "caring" services taken proper care of Timothy Quehen, an auxiliary nurse who suffered brain damage and severe amnesia after being knocked down by a car in August 1985?

Tim was then 19, and after the accident he spent four years living with his parents while attending rehabilitation centres in London. On their retirement, his parents moved to Cornwall; at which time Timothy's condition became severe. He was disturbed and unable to concentrate, and was admitted to Burden Neurological Hospital in Bristol under the supervision of Dr Peter Eames, a neuro-psychiatrist.

Mr and Mrs Quehen had long fought on Tim's behalf to secure compensation, and in 1991 £70,000 was paid into court by the insurance company of the motorist involved.

A psychiatric opinion was sought on Tim, who had by then been moved from hospital to supervision in a half-way house. However, while Mr Quehen recalls that Tim had very little money with which to demonstrate his financial reliability, in Dr Eames's written opinion he was "fully responsible for his needs including budgeting... There is nothing to suggest that he would behave foolishly in relation to the compensation money."

Based on this opinion, the insurance company insisted Tim's father be removed as "next friend" — a parent or guardian who acts for a claimant — so the money could be paid. As Mr Quehen said: "I was not happy about the decision but it was made pretty clear that unless I agreed nothing would happen."

Tim's parents "suggested" he place his money in a high interest bank account. But Tim learnt how to transfer sums into his current account and the money soon began to disappear. The hospital authorities had passed Tim fit to drive and he spent £1,090 on lessons before giving up. He bought a flat for £34,000. The woman in the flat above fed Tim a sob story... and he parted with another £20,000. Other friends also played on his good nature, and Tim soon found himself broke and suicidal. A relapse took him back to hospital, and last November he attempted to take his own life.

He now lives with his parents and the family has put in an official complaint to both Avon social services and the local health authority — who were supposedly *in loco parentis* — alleging lack of care and guidance. They want an apology and compensation for the money that Tim, it seems, was so patently incapable of controlling.

Letters

Return of the native

Sir,

As the list of "coincidences" associated with the Archer/Saib Anglia TV shares dealings grows ever longer, it is worth noting the difference in real profits to be made on such a deal by a UK resident liable to capital gains tax (CGT) and a non-resident who would not be so liable. If he were a higher-rate taxpayer whose annual exemption of £5,800 had been used up by other gains and he had not also suffered overall losses in the same or previous tax years, the UK resident would have to account for CGT at 40 percent, which would reduce an £80,000 profit to a mere £48,000, while on the same transactions the non-resident would never have to pay any tax whatsoever.

I wonder where Mr Saib files his returns?

Yours,
R.P.P BROOKS,

London E14.

Gaelic humour

Sir,

It's all very well for you to have a go at "Tiger" Tim Clifford, director of the National Galleries of Scotland, over his behaviour in the "Three Graces" debacle (letter from J.P. Gnome III, EYE *853). But why fictionalise him as "McBrownnose"? Clifford is as Scottish as, er... almost anybody holding a quango sinecure in Scotland these days really. Funny that, what with Scotland being "the only socialist country left in Europe" — Bob Wooster of MORI, BBC R4, 30 July 1994.*

I am sir, and remain,
yours faithfully,
FÉORAG,

University of Glasgow.

Lookalike

Hassan Nasrallah

Gerry Adams

Sir,

I wonder has anybody noticed the close resemblance between Sheikh Hassan Nasrallah, leader of Hezbollah (party of God) and Gerry Adams, leader of Sinn Fein (party of Godot).

Could they by any chance be related? God only knows.

KALASHA NIKOFFA,

Cushendall.

Mad doctors

Sir,

*Your correspondent Ian Dickson asks (*EYE *853) if the state of the NHS is as grim as Doing the Rounds suggests. As a GP and local medical committee rep, I would say it is as bad if not worse.*

Many GPs are taking early retirement, often on mental health grounds, as they grow sick of being made responsible for the failure of the reforms.

The government has been told repeatedly since day one by the BMA [British Medical Association] and other groups that their reforms are a pig's breakfast, but their attitude remains: "We have made up our minds, don't confuse us with the facts."

The basic problem with the NHS is that demand for healthcare services exceeds supply. This problem could be solved by 2p on income tax or modest charges to patients at the point of demand, or a new health tax. The government has instead tried to solve it by a mass of regulations and getting hard managers in from industry and the Tory clubs to "improve productivity" by whipping the workers.

Britain is still a sort of democracy, and taxpayers/patients have the power to ensure an adequately funded health service. If they continue to refuse to do so, an increasing number of healthcare workers may follow the dentists' example, and, seeing the writing on the wall, abandon the ship before it goes down.

There is a limit somewhere to the sweat and tears that doctors and other NHS workers are willing to expend to make up the difference between the health service people demand, and the one they are willing to pay for.

Yours sincerely,
DR STEPHEN F. HAYES,

Southampton.

Sex appeal

Sir,

Re EYE *853, Hackwatch: "This picture has very little to do with the accompanying article — but we like it."*

But do you? Bearing in mind your homophobic history and sportophobic tendencies, I just wonder whether PRIVATE EYE *is comfortable with* ANY *kind of sex, hetero or homo. In your efforts to be as dry and aesthetic and analytical as the broadsheets you parody, you end up sounding like academic pederasts from the public school tendency. After all, if you don't fancy males, and females are bimbos, what's left?*

P.A. SPINDLOE,

Southampton.

Fair cops

Sir,

Your Colour Section item about policemen accused of conspiracy to pervert the course of justice who have exercised their right to remain silent is fascinating, but what conclusions should we draw from it? That the right to silence must remain sacrosanct, because without it policemen who falsify evidence and lie in the witness box would find it harder to evade punishment?

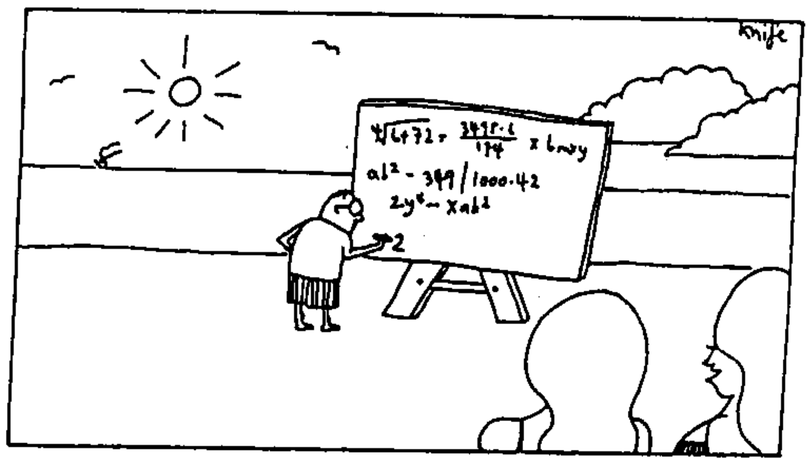
Yours faithfully,
D. WATKINS,

Cardiff.

GRAND ANAGRAM COMPETITION

Best anagram of TAKI THEODORACOPULOS receives a year's subscription to the *Eye*. Closing date 14 September or Taki's last column for the *Sunday Times* (whichever is sooner).

IF THERE WERE ANY JUSTICE IN THE WORLD...



"God, Wayne's just SO good with figures..."

Stone dead

Sir,

Readers appreciative of your gradual transition from satirical review to learned journal of biblical theology may care to know that there is indeed a long-"discovered" book that records the death of Jesus from lapidation, the BABYLONIAN TALMUD *(London: Soncino Press 1961), which preserved the most ancient and quite unanimous reports of the Jews themselves that he was "stoned because he practised magic and led Israel astray" (*SANHEDRIN *43).*

So any prospect that Old Enoch will be sentenced to "care in the community" rather than imprisoned under proposed "tighter anti-racism laws", which the incoming Tony Blair has reportedly promised our local Sanhedrin, the Board of Deputies of British Jews, may yet prove elusive. Scholars who wonder why our Greatest Englishman should wrestle with this particular angel should compare Hebrews 11:5 with John 8:59, and THINK *about it.*

Shalom aleichem,
BEN WAGENSEIL,

Wolverhampton.

Oh yeah?

Sir,

We represent Peter Ford, Chairman Designate of London Transport. We refer to the item in the edition of PRIVATE EYE *dated 26 August 1994 under the heading "On The Railways".*

The article is undoubtedly defamatory of Mr Ford; some of the comments attributed to him were never made whilst others have been taken out of context. The management handling of events immediately following the disaster received praise from Lord Justice Sheen, and your reference to "long years of miscounting and overloading" by P&O is not sustainable given that P&O had only shortly prior to the disaster acquired the previous ferry operators.

Our client does not intend to take any action regarding this particular item, nor does he seek apology or retraction. He recognises that the item was probably not intended to be taken seriously by your readers. However, it is right to draw to your attention the fact that the article is inaccurate and defamatory and he must therefore reserve his right to take action in the event that such defamation is repeated. We shall also be glad if you would note, for the purpose of your library copy, that the item is inaccurate. If, for that purpose, you wish us to detail each and every such inaccuracy or distortion, please let us know.

Yours faithfully,
DIBB LUPTON BROOMHEAD,

London EC2.

Influential

Sir,

Having subscribed to PRIVATE EYE *for many years now, I know that from time to time there are inaccuracies or misrepresentations in what you write.*

However, I felt particularly disillusioned to see in the current issue (853), when talking about Anne Tapsell of Lambeth council that in addition to stating that she has ME, you gave the alternative name so favoured by the press — AND NO ONE ELSE — namely, "yuppie flu".

This is a ridiculously inaccurate misnomer, since of the estimated 150,000 sufferers in the UK alone, many — myself included — could never be described as having been yuppies. Furthermore, of the range of symptoms occurring under this syndrome, flu-like feelings are not experienced by everyone.

Yours faithfully,
PAMELA THICKETT,

Exeter.

Debeaking debunked

Sir,

As a journal so quick to jump on anomalies and hypocrisy, I think you really should be wary of running the RSPCA "Freedom Food" adverts.

"Hens must have room to forage, a perch and a quiet box to lay their eggs" so runs the ad. Sounds so rural, quaint and acceptable. In fact under "freedom food" the RSPCA accepts "barn" hens who are kept indoors at high densities and typically have their beaks trimmed. Debeaking is a cruel and painful procedure.

"Sows must have room to root and explore and never be tied to one spot," the ad declares, yet the RSPCA scheme will take pork from farmers who confine pregnant sows indoors, inside narrow metal crates that allow no freedom of movement barring one or two steps forward or backwards. Need I go on?

Where live animals are used as product, to suggest that this can be a "freedom" food is not only a sick joke but a good old-fashioned lie.

Yours sincerely,
SARA STARKEY,

London NW3.

O·B·N

Sun shines too much

COULD you please make The Sun less interesting?

I don't get any work done till lunchtime because I'm busy reading it every morning.
M.J. DRAKE, Leicester

The Sun *Submitted by D. Abbott.*

£10 paid for all entries put forward for the Order of the Brown Nose.

"Me Spud U Like"

Old Farmers' Club

Sir,

New Muckspreader wonders why the "Gay Hussar Group" is not mentioned in the farming press (852). Why would anyone bother? Their ideas are wholly derivative and have been aired ad nauseam.

Taking the name of this London restaurant reveals not only that they lack any sense of the ridiculous, but that they are in fact merely a gentlemen's dining club — of ex's (ex-NFU, ex-FoE), would-be's (would-be politician) and intensive broadcaster O. Walston. They are a self-congratulatory, self-appointed group of well-heeled men, who already appear endlessly on the media.

This country has exceptionally high membership of environmental pressure groups, but there is very little to show for it, thanks largely to this lot.

Yours faithfully,
DAVID WESTON,

Nuneaton, Warwicks.

O Yes!

Sir,

*An item in the Marquesa's column (*EYE *852) about my recent* NEW YORKER *article unmasking the author of* STORY OF O *claimed that Martin Seymour-Smith had revealed her true identity many years ago.*

If the Marquesa would care to check the GUIDE TO MODERN WORLD LITERATURE, *she (or is it he?) will find that Seymour-Smith, among many others, indulged in speculation, not revelation. Dominique Aury "probably" wrote the novel, he says. "It does seem that Dominique Aury, who had the right existential connections, wrote it," he concludes, offering no further evidence.*

I made it clear that while some people suspected Aury of writing O, *no one had ever proved it. Nor, before I spoke to her, had she ever admitted it, or allowed herself to be interviewed and photographed.*

Given that THE NEW YORKER *genuinely broke the story on 1 August, perhaps the fair Marquesa — rather than Tina Brown — should pay a visit to the château for some corrective flagellation.*

Yours faithfully,
JOHN DE ST JORRE,

Mallorca, Spain.

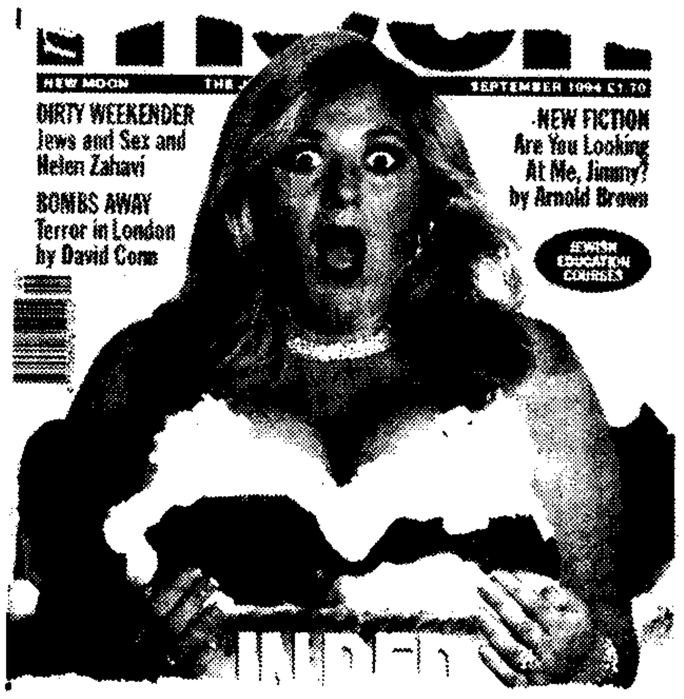
Lookalike

Sir,

I'm delighted Eve Pollard has found gainful employment so soon after her "resignation" from the SUNDAY EXPRESS. *For unless I have boobed mightily, her ample charms are completely indistinguishable from those of the motormouth US talkshow personality Vanessa Feltz, who will be appearing on our screens shortly, and they must surely be one and the same person.*

Yours faithfully,
D.D. CUP,
Bristols.

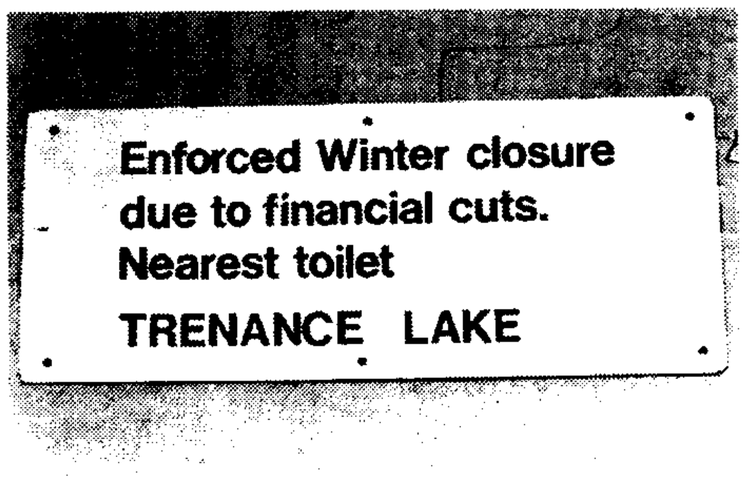
Feltz



Bollard

I-SPY

Newquay, Cornwall



Submitted by Brian Laban. £10 paid for similar submissions. *(SAE required for return of photographs. No transparencies.)*

Greek orthodox

Sir,

I've noticed that ever since K.R. Harrison (Letters 847) lamented the hypocrisy surrounding John Smith's death with the phrase "In memoriam ad nauseam", other male correspondents have felt the need to prove that their schools too had Ovid or Livy on their curriculums.

We all know by now that such classical exhibitionism is merely the literary equivalent of insecure wee men driving long and phallic cars. So, please, cut out the coprolalia, boys, I'm sure it's all Greek to most of us.

Yours ever,
ERICA SHORNVIN,

St Helens.

Man overboard

Sir,

Piloti may be an expert on architecture, but he knows little of the Isle of Man (Nooks and Corners, 853).

He suggests that Manx legislation concerning birching and buggery (the alliteration was, I suppose, irresistible) is radically different from the English law. This is not the case. Birching is no longer a lawful punishment for juvenile offenders, and the law concerning male homosexual acts is, in some ways, marginally more liberal than the law in England. Perhaps Piloti is, as usual, allowing fondness for what is past to cloud his judgement.

He also criticises the planning committee for its wide brief. Given the small size of the Isle of Man, there can be a shortage of specialists in almost any area (vide, the importation of an English barrister to fill out the appellate court). So it is not unusual to find the same body, or different bodies with the same members, exercising different roles in the same subject area. What may appear a conspiracy in a state the size of England is mere administrative convenience in the Isle of Man.

Of course one solution to the problem might be to allow English experts to dictate the architectural development of the Isle of Man. But, if Piloti is to be believed, where could the Manx find any?

Yours faithfully,
P.W. EDGE,

Ballasalla, Isle of Man.

Dish charge

Sir,

As a long-standing PRIVATE EYE *reader and a Sky TV viewer (I think my father is the only other person who could claim this), I would like to register a complaint about your treatment of Mr Murdoch's fine channels. Please, correct me if I'm wrong, but it appears that you're slagging off Sky just for the sake of it.*

Yes, some of the programmes aren't the best ever seen on British TV, but if Sky One had the kind of money "guaranteed" to the BBC and ITV then it would be a whole lot better. And the quality is improving, slowly, albeit with American imports which are no doubt trash in your opinion, but not everyone has your obviously sophisticated tastes.

And so what if Sky One lost a dish full of viewers in the last year in the face of competition from umpteen new satellite channels? The four terrestrial channels are losing ground to satellite in the increasing, yes, increasing number of homes that have it. And remember: More people watch Sky than read PRIVATE EYE*!*

Yours sincerely,
CHRISTOPHER D. LEUTY,

Manchester.

Follow-on up

Sir,

I seem to recall Square Eyes complaining about follow-on series and asking Woodie and Co not to venture into follow-ons after CHEERS. *After the success of* FRASIER *how about eating some humble pie?*

JOHN BRADLEY,

Cambridge.

Colemanballs

£10 paid for contributions

"Beautifully played, as ever, by a man celebrating his birthday this year..."
HENRY KELLY, Classic FM
(M.A. Wedler)

"A great shadow has been lifted from my shoulders."
PC GUSCOTT, Radio 4
(Humphrey Bradshaw)

"Schumacher... he is either coming into the pits on this lap or he is not..."
MURRAY WALKER, BBC2
(E.S. Gibbs)

"You've got to make split-second decisions so quickly."
GEOFFREY BOYCOTT, BBC2
(M.L. Allsop)

Jonathon Coleman: *So you work for British Telecom?*
Caller: *Yes.*
Coleman: *So why isn't it called Scottish Telecom up there in Glasgow?"*
Caller: *Because it's British.*
VIRGIN 1215
(Steve Johnson)

HOM SAP

BY DAVID AUSTIN

WE SOMETIMES CONSULT A CLAIRVOYANT. SHE CAN BE VERY ACCURATE.
POLICE STATION
YOU WILL ARREST THE WRONG MAN AND HE WILL GET FIFTEEN YEARS.
AMAZING!
UNCANNY!

Letter From Havana

from Our Own Correspondent

WITHIN hours of the latest refugee crisis, Jorge Mas Canosa, the head of CANF, the largest and richest Cuban-American organisation, was on his executive jet from Miami to Washington, with Lawton Chiles, governor of Florida, tagging along symbolically.

They demanded and got an immediate audience with Bill Clinton, telling him that the Democrats would lose the marginal state of Florida in the November elections if something wasn't done about the refugees; that Clinton shouldn't visit the bathroom on this one without the say-so of the influential Canosa; and that if Clinton didn't cooperate he could well lose the presidential primaries in the run-up to the next election, too. The result? Clinton agreed his tougher line on Cuba. No automatic right to asylum; no dollar remittances; fewer care packages and fewer flights.

In Havana it started rather differently. In the heat of another summer without refrigeration or air-conditioning, patience snapped in a queue outside a "diplostore" — a hard-currency shop for tourists and Cubans with the now almighty US dollar. A dispute became a riot, with "Down with Fidel!" the battlecry. Anyone who wants to can leave, Castro pronounced an hour later. Most went home to start building their rafts immediately.

Clinton is now reaping the harvest of 35 years of hysteria during which policy towards Cuba has been monopolised by the fascist mafia who ran the island's brothels and casinos before Castro's revolution. Today it makes little political sense to talk to China and North Korea while tightening the noose around Castro.

Someone somewhere in the US state department should be able to work out that for 35 years US policy towards Cuba has achieved the complete opposite of its declared intent. In essence it has reinforced Castro in power by raising the spectre of Yanqui aggression rather than helping to overthrow him. The fact that he has seen off eight US presidents and survived the demise of his former allies in Eastern Europe enrages the domino-playing exiles on Miami's Calle Ocho — yet none can work out why.

Nor are the kind of punitive sanctions that foment unrest in Cuba in Washington's interest. The past few weeks have given the White House a taste of what real instability or social breakdown in Cuba would bring. Forget the few thousands now being picked up. If Jorge Mas Canosa were to return after a bloodbath, almost everyone still alive would be making their way to Florida. As one US senator pointed out last week, to date policy has been a response to the national passion, Castro-bashing, rather than the national interest, negotiating old grey beard's resignation.

On the Cuban side, the refugee card is designed to suck Clinton into negotiations and let off the political head of steam building up. It puts the international spotlight on the embargo and Washington's irrationality while ensuring that anyone who's likely to be an opponent worthy of the name fires their blanks from Miami and not the run-down housing estates of Havana.

But it's risky. The tradition of protest, all but dead here, may be reviving. Since Castro allowed Cubans to spend dollars here last year, the economy has been turned upside down. Those who get hard currency from relatives or friends among the *gusanos* (worms) in Miami can have anything. The faithful are left with state rations on which it is physically impossible to survive.

This apartheid economy, evolving since the advent of mass tourism 10 years ago, has made Cubans impoverished backpackers in their own country. The $500-600 million that has come in from Miami over the past year in individual remittances had been keeping Cuba's voodoo economy alive, if only in spirit. Now Clinton has switched off the drip. Castro has warned that the country will have to go back to year zero — ox-carts, flintstones, and loin-cloths as Cubans chuckle, only part in jest. If it gets any worse, and it will, the Old Man might himself be tempted to board a raft and take to the sea.

FUNNY OLD WORLD

● "Do not be tempted by the lure of easy kwachas," Ellen Muluzi warned women in a lecture in the Town Hall, Lilongwe. "Such repugnant and stinking behaviour only drags the fine name of Malawi down to the sordid level of Zambia."

Muluzi was speaking about the Zambian craze for dog sex videos, which has recently spread to Malawi: "Azungus [white men] no longer want sex with African women. Instead they prefer to pay the women K500 and ask them to have sex with their dogs, while the

Azungus film the event on camcorders. Zambian women are always being asked by foreigners to perform bizarre acts with dogs in hotel bedrooms and they agree, because they'd do anything for money and Zambian men don't have any. But our women must never sink so low as to have sex with a dog, even if it means getting thousands and thousands of kwachas."

Replying on behalf of Zambian women, Janet Karim, editor-in-chief of ***The Independent*****, dismissed the entire story as "fucking unrealistic. If you ask me, Ellen Muluzi is a bit of a dog herself. But it's unlikely anyone would pay to have sex with her, or want to video it."** *(The Chronicle [Malawi], 26/4/94. Spotter — "Hawkeye")*

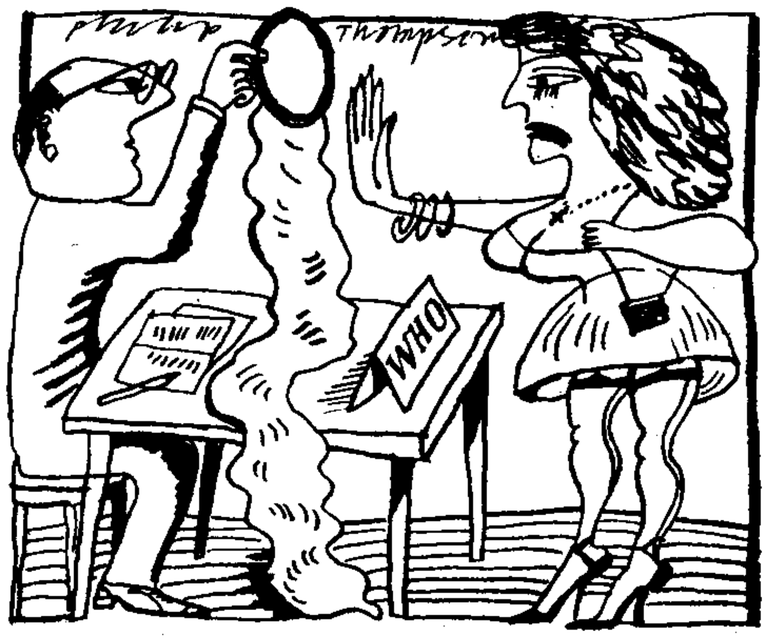
—●—

● "What is this joke?" shouted I.H. Gilada, brandishing an unfurled condom in the faces of delegates of the World Health Organisation in Bombay. "As a medical man of thirty years experience, I tell you this is a sheath for a donkey, not for a man."

Dr Gilada was protesting about a consignment of five million South Korean condoms, distributed free throughout western India by the WHO, in an attempt to combat AIDS. "They are six centimetres longer and three centimetres wider than our most popular local brand, Norodh, and they are useless. Every day, my surgery is full of women who have got one lodged inside, because it fell off during intercourse. Prostitutes refuse to use them, even though they are free. Why are they so big? It is well-known that Korean gentlemen are more petite than average all points south of the navel. This is their revenge on the manhood of India." *(The Gazette [Zimbabwe], 5/4/94. Spotter — Henderson/Biellik)*

—●—

● *"My boy is completely innocent of this crime," Gwen Laymon told reporters on the steps of the main police station in New Orleans. "The police are trying to frame him, and this time I can prove it."*

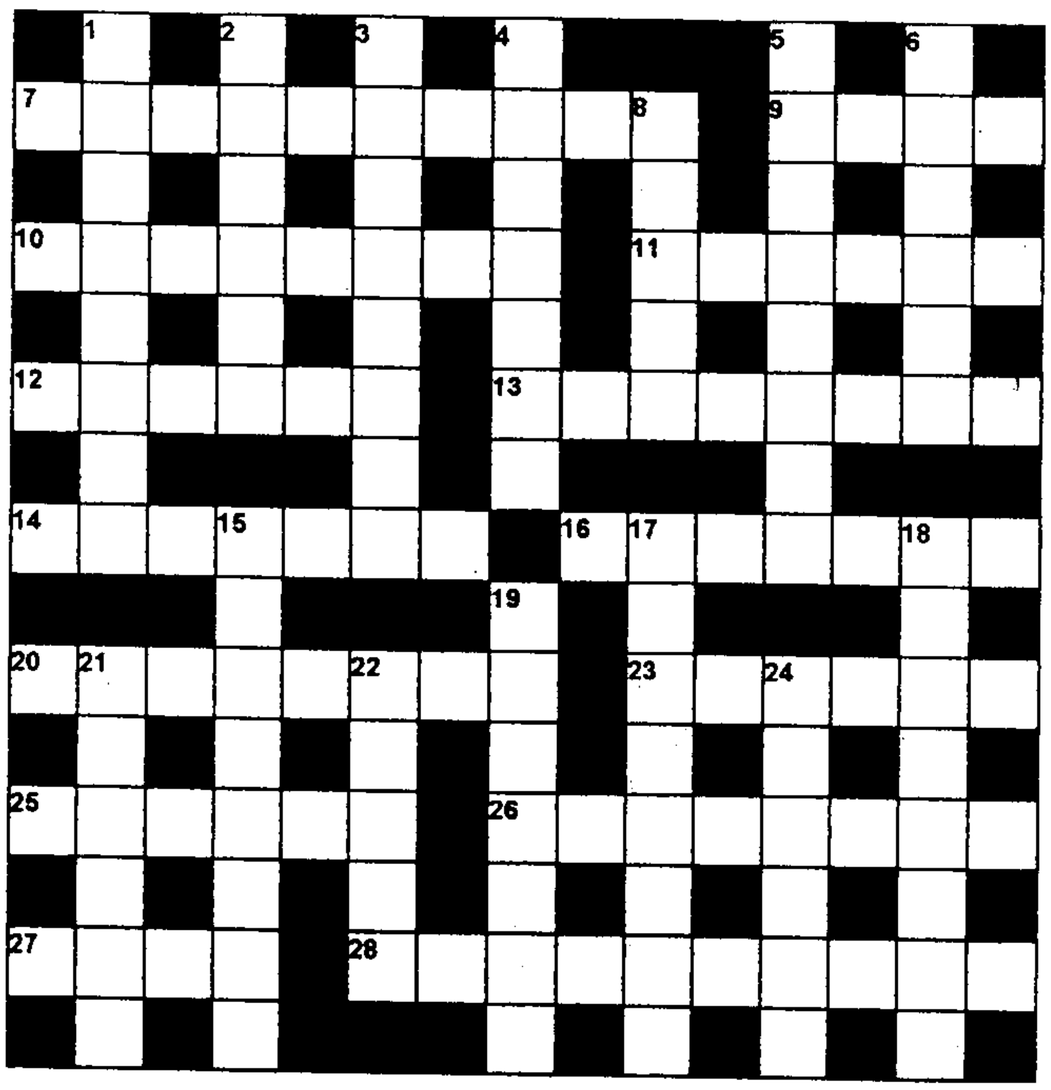


Mrs Laymon made her outburst after her son Eric was arrested by police on suspicion of having committed a drive-by shooting near Preservation Hall in which a 12-year-old girl was seriously injured. "The facts are black and white. Eric couldn't possibly have been involved because, at exactly ten-thirty, when this shooting took place, he was over the other side of town in a housing project, murdering someone who owed us money. He shot him through the head. So, I tell you again, my boy is innocent and I've got witnesses to prove it." (The Globe and Mail, 10/3/94. Spotter — Brendan Joseph O'Byrne)

Compiled by
Victor Lewis-Smith

EYE CROSSWORD 10 by Cyclops

£100 Winner
Ms KAREN STRUNKS



ACROSS

7 Habitual criminal about to join cops on informal "visit" (10)
9 (see 12)
10/16 Unfinished sex on beach (tricky positions) into which we delve each issue (5,3,7)
11 Midge clinging to bloke like shit (6)
12/9 Supposed indicator of our intentions to have a quick ride (almost) with Ms Toynbee (almost) (6,4)
13 Picture student lying in vomit — an environmental hazard! (3,5)
14 (see 20)
16 (see 10)
20/14 Government's pledge to its suffering people (8,7)
23 Can't stand the game of cricket, as they say in Kingston? (6)
25 One interpretation of Koran favoured by train-spotters? (6)
26 Representative in what sounds like food shop scandal (8)
27 Elvis alive! (Just one bit of plastic inside) (4)
28 Toss off Thatcher? Alien, cheap and shoddy! (10)

DOWN

1 Can't hope for a shake up in Whitehall? (8)
2 Neil Kinnock about to ditch family with no money (6)
3 New York for the greedy consumer? (3,5)
4 'The Family' cast a warm glow in Berkshire (7)
5 *Without Walls* will show Pope fooling around with a novice nun heartlessly (4-4)
6 Minister — combination of Conservative, Liberal and Heffer (6)
8/24 Smart git Liberal that is ruffled by separatists (5,6)
15 Ruthlessly push through merger of public and private transport (8)
17 It's passé to hot tongue your ex (3,5)
18 Small bloomers worn by vote-seekers (8)
19 Leader of small band has turned blue (7)
21 Relative disaster with Birt in charge? (6)
22 Brenda upside down gobbling King starkers (5)
24 (see 8)

£100 prize to first correct solution opened on 14.9.94. Send entries to "Crossword", Private Eye, 6 Carlisle Street, London W1V 5RG.

Solution to Crossword No. 9

ACROSS: 8/20/7 Order Of The Brown Nose 9 Iron 10 Israel 11 Doorstep 12 Heseltine 13 Lobby 16 Clinton 18 Dorrell 20 (see 8) 21 John Major 24 Grown-Ups 26 Brooke 27 Icke 28 Mao Tse-tung.

DOWN: 1 Arms Dealer 2 Senate 3 Pollution 4 Student 5 Tenor 6 Pisspoor 7 (see 8) 14 Bollocking 15 Going Bust 17 Newsweek 19 Tosspot 22 Aborts 23 Dummy 25 Rice.

Mr Gerry Adams An Apology

In recent years, in common with all other newspapers, we may have promulgated the erroneous impression that Mr Gerald "Gerry" Adams was in some sense the most evil man who had ever lived, responsible as he was for the deaths of a large number of innocent men, women and children.

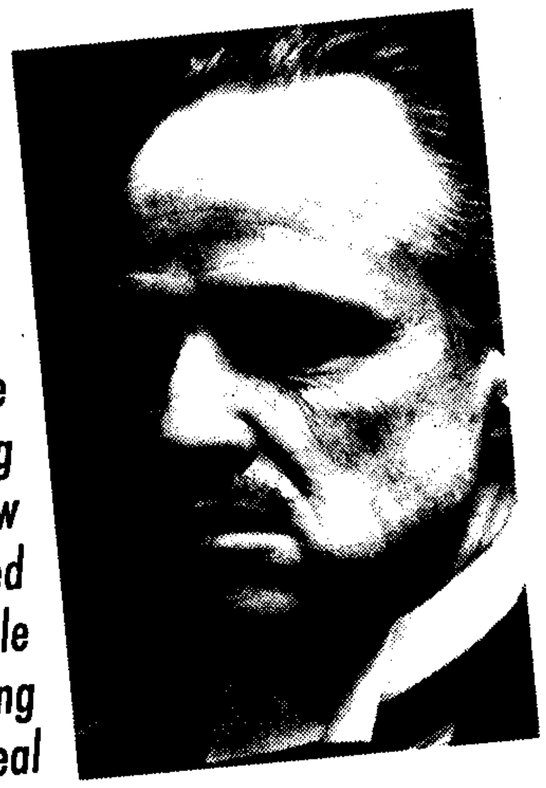
Headlines such as YOU BASTARD, YOU MURDERING BASTARD and YOU BASTARD BASTARD may have led readers to draw the inference that we regarded Mr Adams, in the words of one of our own leaders, as "The Devil Incarnate".

We now realise that, on the contrary, Mr Adams was throughout this period a moderate statesmanlike figure working only for peace inside the democratic framework. We further accept that Mr Nelson MandAdams should be given the Nobel Peace Prize for his unstinting efforts to bring about a cessation of violence in the face of extremist pressure from some colleagues within the Republican movement.

We would like to take this opportunity to apologise to Mr Adams and to offer him a 12-page supplement entitled "St Gerry The Peacemaker".

Exclusive to the Eye and everyone else

BOREDO
The Memoirs



Hollywood's biggest bore finally reveals what a boring life he has led. Read how Marlon Boredo went to bed with various boring people and how really boring directors found him a real bore. (Continued all week)

"Oh, do play us a medley of your hit, Mr Gorecki"

OXFAM TO HELP BRITAIN'S POOR

by Our Charity Staff **No Lunchtime O'Xfam**

THE multi-million-pound charitable agency, Oxfam, is to widen its brief to embrace the needy in Britain as well as the starving in the Third World.

Defending the controversial decision, a spokesman pointed to two English brothers who were being targeted for aid.

"These two boys, Kevin and Ian, were left destitute when their father mysteriously died in a boating accident. They have nothing except a lot of houses and a huge sum of money stashed away in a bank somewhere.

Illegal Aid

"It makes you want to weep — the thought of these two poor kids sitting in the Gavroche swilling champagne and stuffing themselves with caviar while other people are starving."

WHAT YOUR MONEY WILL DO

- **£5,000 will pay for an expensive solicitor for an hour.**
- **£50,000 will pay for QC George Carman for 30 minutes.**
- **£1 million will give the boys a new life in Argentina with their dad** *(shurely shome mishtake?)*.

Send money now to MAXFAM, Headington Hall, Oxford.

Benn Invites Publicity Shock

by Our Ulster Staff **Lunchtime O'Verkill**

VETERAN left-wing self-publicist Mr Tony Benn today outraged no one at all by inviting himself into the headlines.

Said Tony Benn: "There's no getting away from it. I am now at the centre of events. Everyone has to talk to me. No matter what I've done in the past, now is the time for huge articles with me in them."

Tony Benn is 68 column inches.

ON OTHER PAGES

- **The Population Crisis: Are articles about population over-running the world and becoming a threat to our future? Pages 3, 5, 7, 12, 14, 22, 26, 94, 178, 300 etc.**

100 Years From Today — **10 September 2094**

Train strike enters 5,200th week

LORD KNAPP of the RMT today rejected the latest moves by Railtrack to bring an end to the strike by the signalman (Sid Knapp).

"The strike is definitely having an effect," said the strike's leader, despite the fact that all trains have now been running normally for 94 years.

"We utterly reject Railtrack's offer of more talks," said Lord Knapp, "until they put something more substantive on the table, such as a nice big plate of egg and chips."

Lord Knapp is 174.

Poetry Corner

In Memoriam Roy Castle

So. Farewell
Then

Roy Castle.

Man of many
Talents.

Trumpet player, singer
And tap
Dancer.

You were also
Rude to
Mrs Thatcher once.

Yes,
We salute
You.

E.J. Thribb
(only a poet, aged 17½)

TV HIGHLIGHTS TONIGHT

'A Tribute to ITV'

BBC2

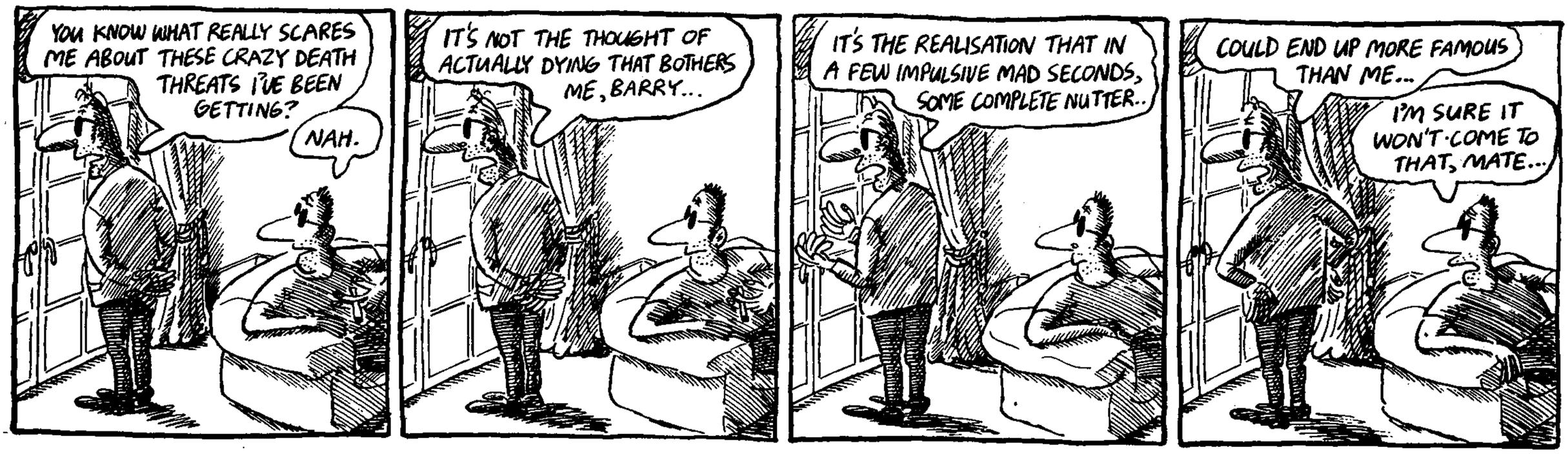
7.00 Coronation Street
7.30 The Bill
8.00 Coronation Street *(repeat)*
9.00 London's Burning
10.00 News at Ten from ITN, with Trevor Barbados
10.30 ITV Bond Premiere: *You've Only Seen It 28 Times* (1963)
12.55 The Dirty Picture Show. Star columnist Mariella Frostrup reviews this week's porn videos.
2.00 Coronation Street *(omnibus edition)*

Great Bores Of Today.

"... first day we had to go and wake her up and then she expected me to make her breakfast I mean we're paying her £10,000 a year plus national insurance and we had to give her the car because her last family did and then there's the phone calls to Australia we've had to have a meter on the phone we found out that in the first three months she'd spent £378 and we said no boyfriends but then Malcolm found a used condom on the window ledge when he was watering the geraniums you know I'm pretty easy going and I do try and make her feel part of the family she's got her own television in her room and I don't complain about the music which is pretty ghastly but if you ask me she's just spent the whole summer topping up her tan I would let her go but it's so difficult finding a good one and you have to pay the agency all over again I stipulate on the form no smoking not fussy about food baby-sitting five nights a week does her own washing and stays in her room after 7.30 it's not much to ask but when I told our last one to do the hoovering she burst into tears Malcolm found her later trying to mow the lawn with a Mr Henry do you have one? they're like a commercial vacuum but for domestic use they're fantastic anyway the current girl is on an all-apple diet you can imagine it's a nightmare..."

Celeb

LIGGER


YOU KNOW WHAT REALLY SCARES ME ABOUT THESE CRAZY DEATH THREATS I'VE BEEN GETTING?
NAH.
IT'S NOT THE THOUGHT OF ACTUALLY DYING THAT BOTHERS ME, BARRY...
IT'S THE REALISATION THAT IN A FEW IMPULSIVE MAD SECONDS, SOME COMPLETE NUTTER..
COULD END UP MORE FAMOUS THAN ME...
I'M SURE IT WON'T COME TO THAT, MATE...

The Secret DIARY OF JOHN MAJOR aged 47¾

Monday

I have taken a not considerably major decision. I have decided that my wife Norman and I should cut short our holiday in Algarvia, to be present at one of the greatest triumphs of modern times — ie, England's historic victory in the test match over the South Africans. It was brilliant. We made 302 for 6, I think, in reply to their 175 and then we had 204 to win. And we got it! I arrived on the balcony just in time for the finish and everyone cheered. It reminded me of the famous match at school when we played Selhurst Grammar, and I got 8 not out. What's more, my brother Terry didn't even bat. But you won't find any mention of that in his book, oh no.

Tuesday

It was just as well I came back from my holiday as today there was another historic triumph over the IRA. They have surrendered at last, in return for the British leaving Ireland. A number of people are saying that I must have made a secret agreement with them. I would like to state categorically that this is totally untrue. It was Mr Mayhew who did the secret deal, while I was on holiday.

Wednesday

Someone called Mr Hanley keeps coming into my office and asking what he should do. I was in no small measure puzzled by this, until he reminded me how we had met by chance in the House of Commons canteen just before my historic reshuffle, and that I had asked him to be Party Chairman. I couldn't remember why, but then he pulled out of his wallet a photo of his mother, whom he said was a film star who was in Genevieve. Terry and I went to see it at the Purley Odeon when it came out, although I did not cry at the end, as Terry claims in his so-called book. The one I cried in was Lassie Come Home, and I was much younger then. Terry didn't even see that one.

I told Mr Hanley that his job was to keep me away from things which make me unpopular. I was therefore very annoyed to hear him later on the News attacking my friend Jeffrey Archer. "He should clear the air," said Mr Hanley, implying that there was some air to be cleared, which there is not, as Jeffrey has several times rung me himself to say that his hands were clean. If Mr Hanley is going to spend his time criticising loyal Conservatives, he will have to go back to the canteen and stop sitting outside my office reading the Spectator upside down, which he was doing when I came in this morning. I was very relieved this evening when Jeffrey sent me a fax to say that he had been found officially innocent, by his wife.

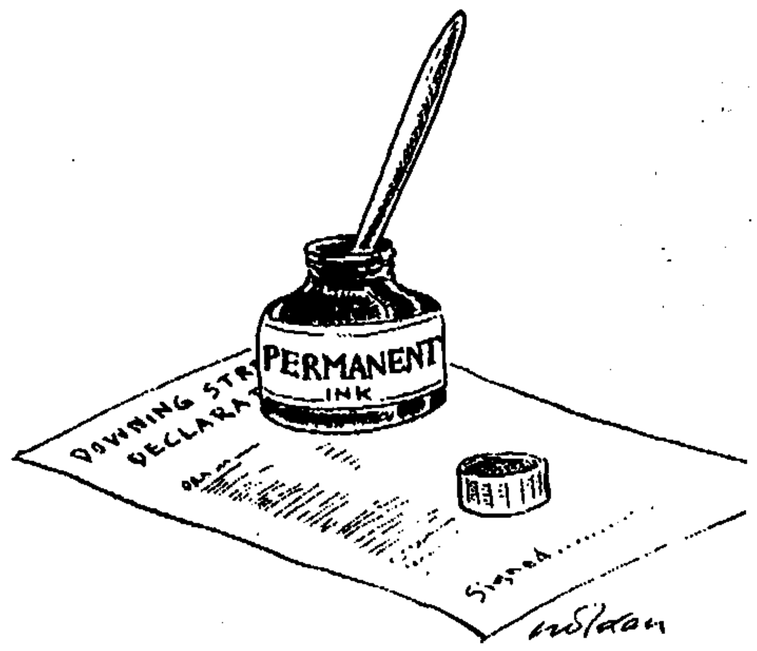
Thursday

We were woken up early this morning by a very loud noise of a man shouting in the street outside that I had "kissed the Pope's bum". I explained to Norman that it was probably one of the poor mental patients whom Mrs Bottomley has let out into the community so that they can murder people. But Norman then recognised him from the television. "It is Mr Paisley, the Irish clergyman," she said.

Normally I would have asked the policeman at the door to send him away, but then I remembered that I needed Mr Paisley's votes in case there was another backbench revolt by the bastards, whose names I still have in my Bastard Book, beginning with Sir Richard Body. So I invited Mr Paisley to come and shout at me in my office. "This is a black day for the people of Northern Ireland!" he bellowed. "How dare the IRA lay down their arms. Things have come to a pretty pass when we have peace in Ulster."

Friday

Mr Portfolio is up to his old tricks, even though I humiliated him by promoting him in my reshuffle. In an effort to win popularity, he has announced his plan to beat the rail strike by making all strikes illegal in essential industries. When I called him round to explain himself, I pointed out that his plan would not include the trains, because they are not essential. "Haven't you noticed that these days everyone goes by car?" I said. He went red and stormed out, knocking over Mr Hanley who was coming in yet again to complain that the Telegraph crossword was awfully hard at the moment due to the fact that they had a new compiler.



Saturday

Let there be no doubt as to who is the man of the moment. "Gerry Adams," said Norman. "No, it is me," I told her as we watched the news of the ceasefire over our TV supper of Vegetarian Moussaka.

After 300 years, according to Mrs Hogg, it is me and me alone who has solved the Irish Question. Unfortunately not everyone agrees with Mrs Hogg, and troublemakers like my former friend Norma Lamont say I have "sold out to the terrorists".

As I told Mr Hanley to tell the media: "This is untrue. There is no sell-out. If you sell something you get something in return, which we clearly haven't." People are very stupid sometimes.

Sunday

I am absolutely livid, according to the newspapers, at the decision to transfer the IRA bombers back to Northern Ireland.

"Why was I not told?" they say I said. Oh yes.

So I decided to ask Mr Howard why I was not told. Unfortunately he was still on holiday in a place called Colombia. So I still do not know the answer to why I am so furious.

But, make no mistake, I am a lot more furious than Mrs Thatcher would have been if it was her.

Mr Tebbit is also furious because these bombers were the men who tried to blow him up. Honestly, some people are so self-centred. They lack the wider vision that leads to solving world problems like I do. No one will ever call Mr Tebbit the man of the moment! Oh no.

Monday

The ceasefire is working, and there have only been two bombs and one shooting in the last 48 hours.

Meanwhile, to show that I have not given in to the terrorists, I am continuing to refuse broadcasters permission to use Mr Adams's real voice. If people could hear him they might be persuaded to believe what he says like I did.

This refusal will really show Mr Adams who is the man of the moment.

And it won't be him.

The Columnist They Couldn't Read (shurely 'gag'? Ed)

The Peter McLie column

Only in the Standard (because he's been fired by everyone else)

IS THERE no end in sight to the tragic agony of poor Northern Ireland? Will a day ever come, I wonder, when the men of violence in the IRA see the error of their ways and lay down their guns?

I fear not.

WHY the deafening silence from the media about Lord Archer? I have it on the highest authority that he has been dealing in shares in the BBC, of which his wife Mariella is the chairman, no less.

It seems to me that Lord Archer has a lot of explaining to do.

But why do I seem to be the only person in public life who dares to say so?

I CANNOT understand why people seem to have it in for Mr Michael Winner. He has produced some of our finest motion pictures, and eaten in many of our finest restaurants.

What is more, he is one of the nicest and most modest men one could hope to meet.

Yet, in this envy-ridden society of ours, success breeds only resentment from the chattering classes.

I myself am frequently attacked by the snivelling dwarfs of *Private Eye* because of my success as a columnist.

But like Michael Winner I do not mind.

MY FRIEND Andrew Wilson has become the proud owner of a most ingenious new machine.

Its purpose is to keep the grass on your lawn from growing too long.

As you push it along, a number of sharp rotating blades cut the tops off the grass, leaving it in small neat piles for one's wife or children to pick up.

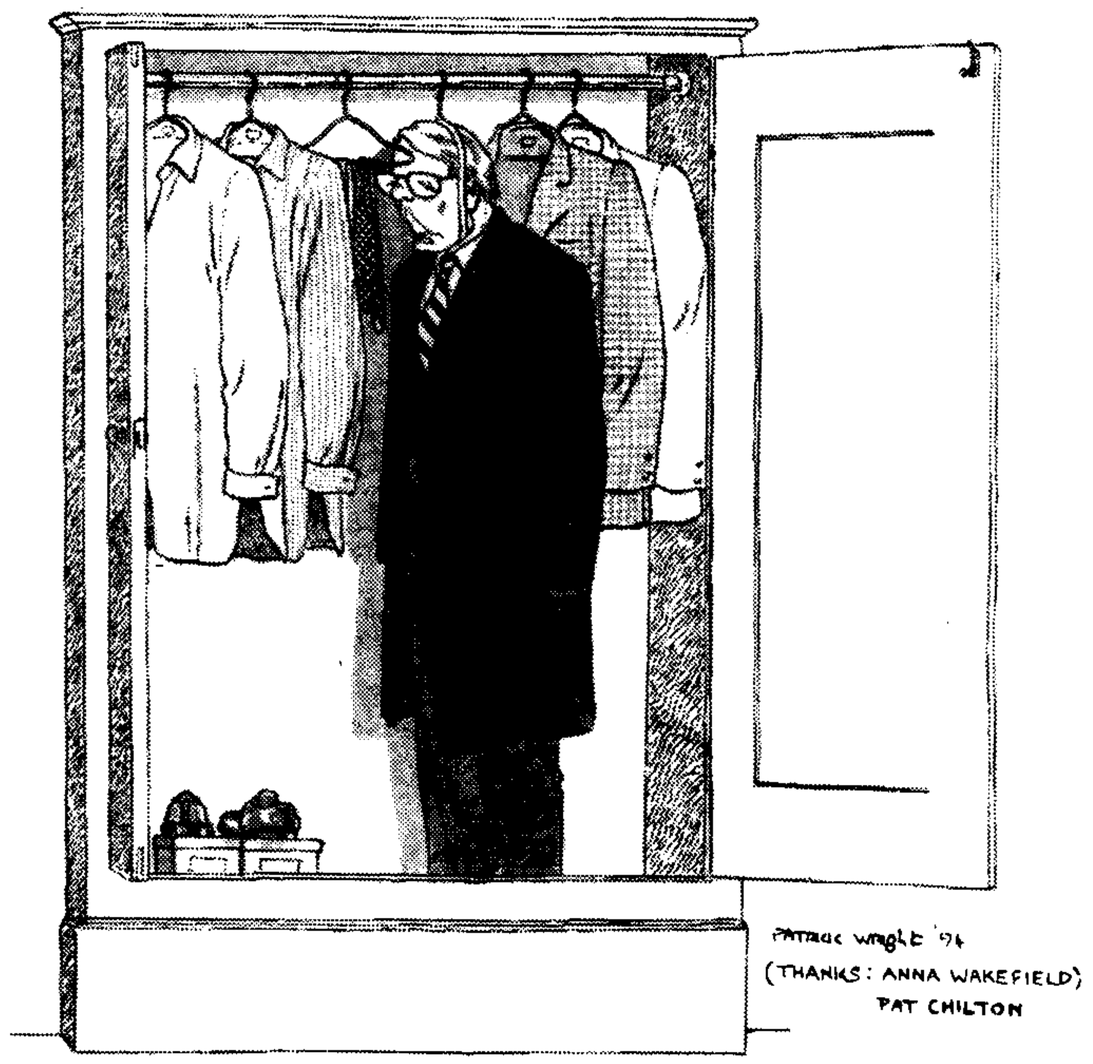
It is a great improvement on the traditional pair of scissors. And they even have a name for it — the pencil sharpener!

(You're fired. Ed.)

MANET MANAGED TO CAPTURE THE EXPERIENCE OF PARISIAN BARS

101 USES FOR A JOHN MAJOR

A COATHANGER



RADIO 5 LIVE

Announcer: And we now go over live to O'Malley's Bar and Bagel Parlour in downtown Chicago for an on-the-spot report on the historic IRA ceasefire...

Reporter: ... and the atmosphere here is extraordinary. I'm witnessing scenes of jubilation not seen since... well, last night, when the Dodgers beat the Red Sox 187-136... it was one helluva night, I can tell you. Sir, you're an Irish-American, Mr O'Finkelburg — how do you react to the news?

Mr O'Finkelburg: Well, to be sure, Irish eyes are smiling tonight... It's a grand victory for the heroic freedom fighters of Old Blarney herself to finally drive the Redcoats out of Dublin led by Jackie Charlton and Sean Day-Lewis marching down Potato Avenue with a shamrock on their trilbies, a McGuinness in their hands, and a leprechaun on their shoulders with the proud green and purple flag of the Republic of ...er... Haiti?

(Sound of man falling to floor)

Reporter: You, sir, Mr O'Mozzarella... Will you be going to Ulster for the celebrations?

Mr O'Mozzarella: Where's Ulster?

Reporter: It's in Ireland.

O'Mozzarella: To be sure it is, to be sure.

Reporter: And will you be going there?

O'Mozzarella: Don't be stupid. It's far too dangerous. People get killed there. Have you tried one of these pizzas? Just like Mama used to make back in old Derry...

(Sound of another man falling to floor)

Announcer: And now for further reaction we go live to O'Reilly's Taco and Tapas Bar in downtown Irish-Mexican Los Angeles...

(Continued 94KHz)

Melvin Rosenstein, a Hollywood doctor who advertises an operation to increase the size of the penis by two inches, is being investigated by the American Medical Association to see whether his claims stand up.

Weekend Grauniad

Do you enjoy cycling in and around Ferring? Enjoying the sights and aromas that can only be experienced at this time of the year from the saddle of a cycle.

Advertising leaflet

On Friday Gwen de Gaulle's famous walk down the Champs-Elysées will be re-enacted, led by 12,000 young people.

Daily Telegraph

THE SUN SAYS

Hands Off Our Athletes

HOW dare a bunch of swarthy, garlic-chewing Portuguese dagoes suggest that our athletes have been taking drugs.

What utter rubbish!

OK, so British worldbeater Diana Modahl — she was third in the 1988 EC Championships in Bruges — scored positive on the A-test, the B-test and the C-test.

But this proves nothing.

We are certain that there is a perfectly legitimate explanation why pretty Diane, 38-23-34, failed the so-called dope test.

And we'll tell you why.

Because the tests were carried out in Lisbon, Portugal, where they don't even have proper toilets.

And, what is more, it's obvious that they wanted their own athletes to win.

And, as we know, they are all born cheats.

Ask anyone who has been to the Costa Brava and been ripped off for two million escudos for a glass of warm beer.

The Sun — The Paper That Supports Our Boys Even If Last Month They Were Girls.

ON OTHER PAGES

Not On Yer Mike — Why Athers Should Stay As England Skipper. OK, he cheated — but we won the Test, didn't we?

THE ARCHERS

An Everyday Story of Share-Dealing Folk

(Theme tune fades to sound of church clock striking three. Tinkle of teacups on vicarage lawn. There is the sound of a distant fax machine.)

Jeff Archer: You're not expecting anything, are you, Mary?

Mary Archer: Nothing except the timing of the announcement on the takeover bid for Anglia.

Jeff: Oh, only that. I've got to go into the house to write a new novel. I'll fetch it for you.

Mary: If it's for me, you mustn't read it. It's highly confidential.

(Sound of rustling paper)

Jeff *(to self)*: Cripes, this is hot stuff. *(Aloud)* It's for me, dear. It's from my publishers. They've finished writing my new book.

(Cut to saloon bar of the Grantchester Arms)

Landlord: Hello, Jeff. You're in early today, me old beauty.

Archer: Can I use your phone, Jim? Ours is... er... temporarily out of order.

Landlord: Certainly. Help yourself, squire. Got a hot tip, have you?

Archer: Something like that. *(Laughs triumphantly)*

(Sound of dialling)

Yokel: Have you filled in your set-aside yet, Walter?

2nd Yokel: Why, of course oi 'ave. Oi knows the old rhyme:
"No subsidies for set-aside
Unless you've applied by Lammas-tide."

(Laughter. Chink of glasses)

3rd Yokel: Is it barley again this year, Seth?

4th Yokel: No, we went there last year. This year it's Bangkok.

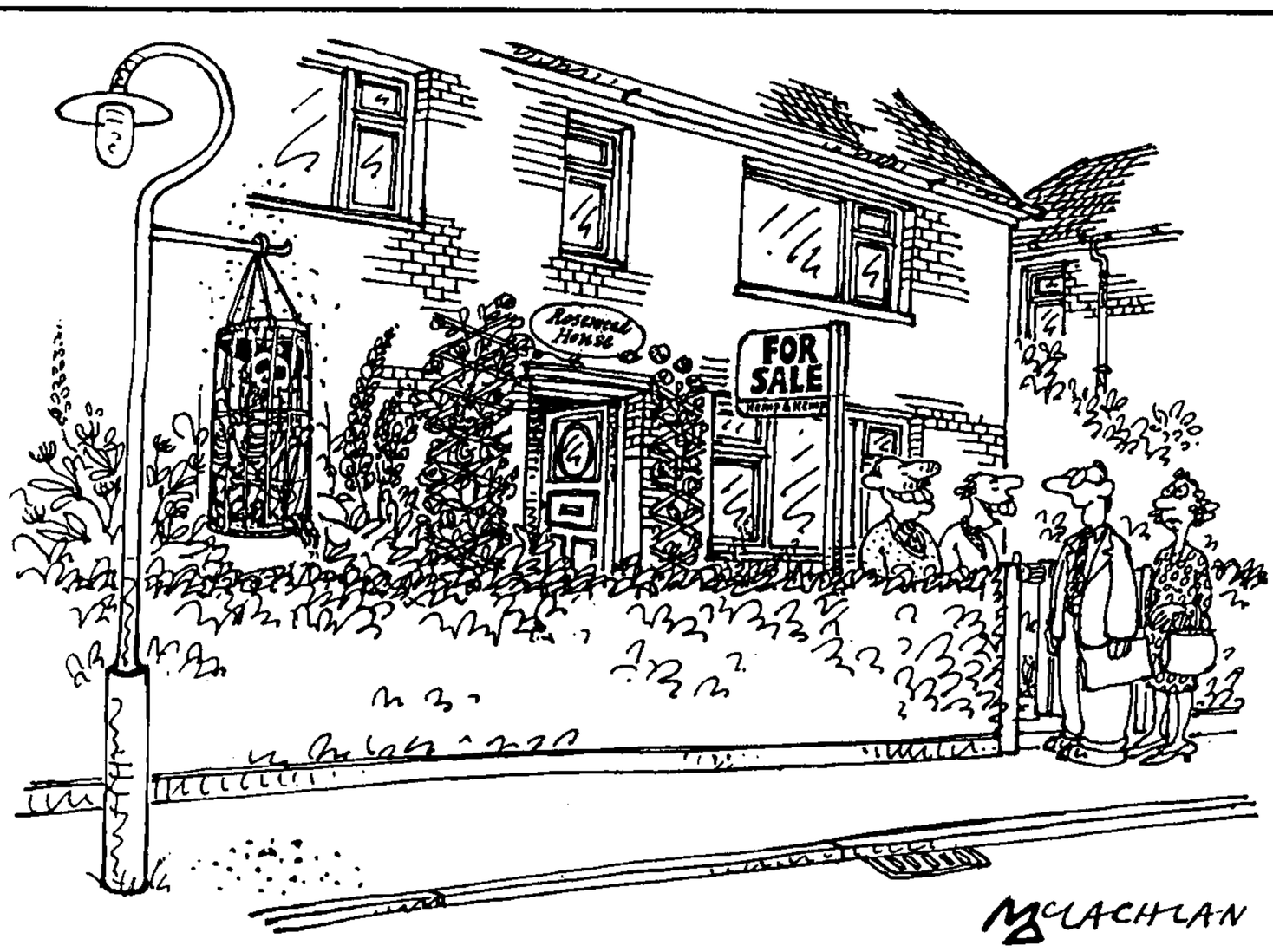
(Cut back to Archer on telephone)

Archer: That's right, Charlie, two hundred and fifty thou' on the number three account, and I want it in the usual name... *(fades)*

Jeff Archer *(returning home)*: Hello, darling. I didn't read that fax, honest. And it wasn't for you, anyway...

(Closing music)

TOMORROW: Jeff apologises publicly to Mary for not reading her fax.



"... also we're very near to the shops, there's a good bus service, the junior school is just round the corner, and we have an absolutely marvellous Neighbourhood Watch"

The Alternative Rocky Horror Service Book

No. 94. A Service To celebrate The Opening On Sunday Of A Shopping Centre Owned By The Church Commissioners.

President *(suitably robed in t-shirt bearing legend 'JESUS SUPER-SAVER'):* Fellow consumers, we are gathered here today to give thanks for all the wonderful bargains available to customers of the Godco Shopping Mall. May I mention in particular *(here he or she may say "the Kiwi Fruit at only 69p" or it may be "6 Mini-Doughnuts at 99p" or it may be "the Wash'n'Go Shampoo Pack — 6 for the price of 4").*

President: Let us give thanks to the Lord Sainsbury.

Congregation: For it is Meat and Veg over there.

HYMN

There shall then be sung an appropriate hymn, such as "Queue up, queue up for Jesus" or "New every morning is the bread".

READING
(from the Gospel According to St Marks & Spencer)

"And there came unto him certain merchants, saying: 'Master, is it lawful to goeth unto the supermarket on the Sabbath day?' For they were hoping to catch him out. And he saith unto them: 'Yea, verily, for the Sabbath was not made for sitting around at home saying "What's the old film on the telly this afternoon? I wish we had cable." ' And he bade them go unto the markets and to fill their baskets with loaves and fishfingers, even an hundredfold. And they did even as he biddeth, and went on their way rejoicing."

President: Come unto me all ye who are heavy laden, and all the others go to the quick till for "6 Items Or Less".

All: I was in front of you.

(Then shall all the congregation proceed unto the tills, where they shall offer up a tithe of their week's wages as decreed by the Profit Asda)

THE RESPONSES

President: O Lord, open thou our purses.

Congregation: Do you take Switch?

President: We doeth indeed.

All: I can't open these sodding bags.

THE DISMISSAL

President: I am the Safeway (or it may be the Gateway), the truth and the life. Tesco in peace.

All: Thanks be to greed.

(Miss Samantha Fox will then make a personal appearance to sing her latest recording "Jesus Wants Me For A Sun Bird")

THE DAILY TELEGRAPH

PETERBOROUGH *by Quentin Bore*

Was St Cakes Headmaster a War Criminal?

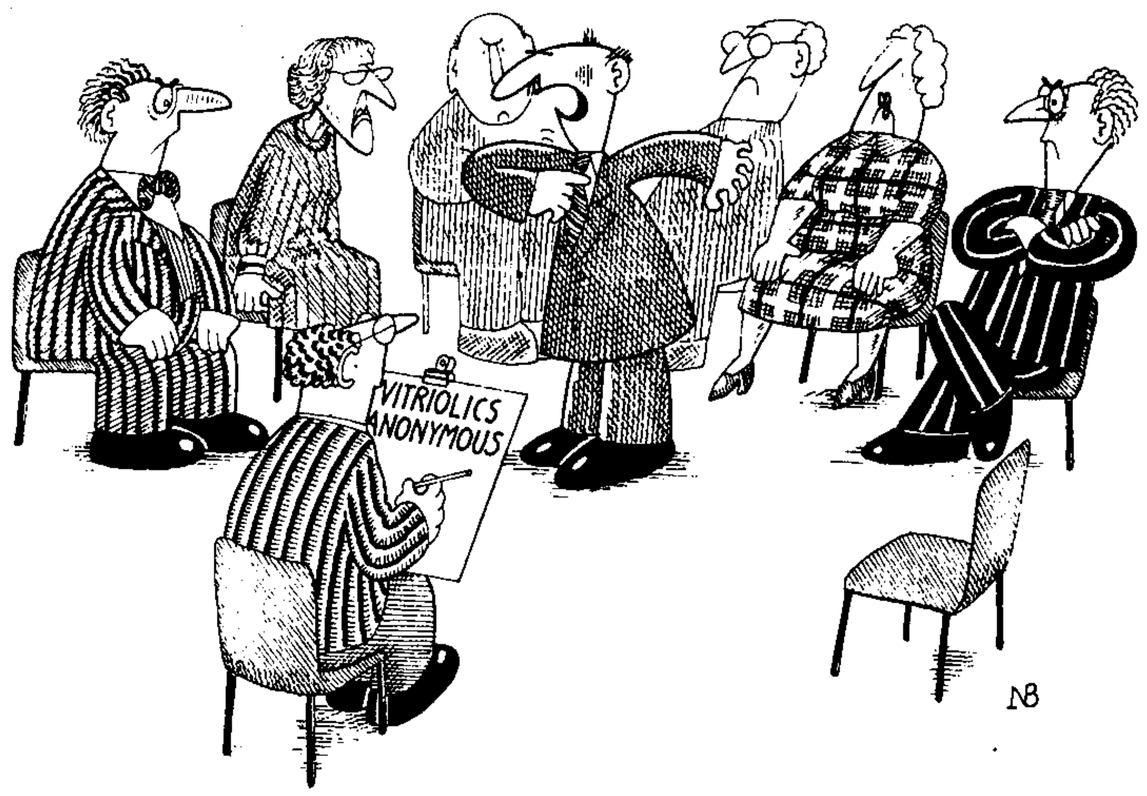
THE controversial historian Robert Andrews has come up with startling new evidence to suggest that the Rev. Austin Flowerdew, founder of St Cakes, the £24,500-a-term Berkshire public school attended by the nephew of the Duke of Gloucester, may have been a leading Nazi war criminal.

Mr Roberts, who has had access to hitherto-secret MI5 wartime files, quotes a letter written by Rev. Flowerdew in 1936 to an old pupil of the school, Klaus von Schickelgrüber, after the two had spent a walking holiday together in the Bavarian Alps.

"What a delightful fortnight we had in the Rumpelstiltskinberg," wrote Rev. Flowerdew, "and how nice you looked in your new brown shirt."

"This clearly demonstrates," says Mr Roberts, author of *Was Churchill Hitler?*, "that the St Cakes headmaster was a Nazi sympathiser and secret agent, who gave full backing to Hitler's policy of genocide."

Mr Roberts is now working on a new book, entitled *Was Hitler A Nazi?*



"I used to be a nasty, malicious bastard, just like you lot"

TONY, TAKE FRANKIE AND ROCCO AND GO PICK UP GINA
IGOR PETROVICH, TAKE DIMITRI DIMITRIEVICH AND ANDREI FILIPPOVICH AND... OH FORGET IT, I'LL DO IT MYSELF
knife

AMERICAN MAFIA — RUSSIAN MAFIA

TOP TEN BESTSELLERS

FICTION

1. Twelve Red Faces . . . . . **Jeffrey Archer**
2. Not A Penny More Than £80,000 . . . . **Jeffrey Archer**
3. The Prodigious Sum . . . . . **Jeffrey Archer**
4. Dishonour Among Thieves . . . . . **Jeffrey Archer**
5. Beyond Any Doubt At All . . . . . **Jeffrey Archer**
6. A Wallet Full Of Money . . . . . **Jeffrey Archer**
7. A Twit In The Tale . . . . . **Jeffrey Archer**
8. Kurd And Fable . . . . . **Jeffrey Archer**
9. First Among Dealers . . . . . **Jeffrey Archer**
10. As The Crook Lies . . . *(That's enough Bestsellers. Ed.)*

Fags 'n' Spuds – we got 'em!

THE RED INDIANPENDENT

16th DECEMBER 1620

Now only 30 Beads

ROW OVER 'BOAT PEOPLE' CONTINUES TO DIVIDE AMERICA

by Our Immigration Staff Chief Chief Reporter

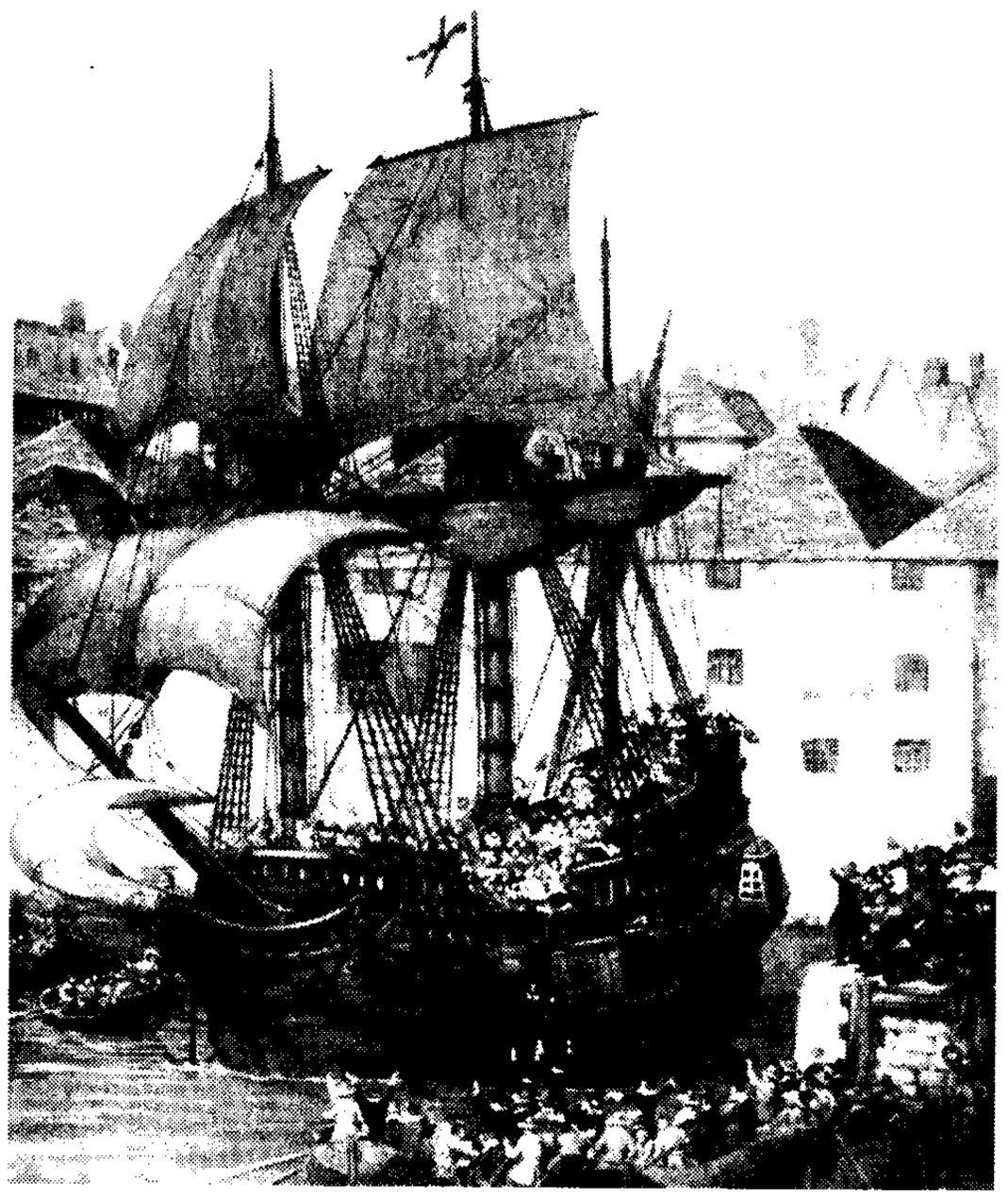
THE ARRIVAL in America of scores of so-called "Boat People" has rocked the native administration to its core.

The refugees, sailing in tiny wooden vessels with names like "The Mayflower", are claiming that they are fleeing an oppressive regime at home and deserve asylum in America.

But there has been strong local resistance to the idea of settling large numbers of foreigners on the mainland.

A spokesman for angry residents, Chief Redneck, said: "It's the thin edge of the wedge. First it's a couple of Pilgrim Fathers. The next thing we know, it'll be half of Europe pouring in and taking our jobs, stealing our buffalo and marrying our squaws. We'll end up with huddled masses all over the country forcing their lifestyles on our communities."

Meanwhile American leader President Chief Sit-on-Fence refused to be committed: "I'm not saying they can't come in. On the other hand, I'm not saying they can. I think the best policy is definitely to do nothing and see what happens over the next couple of hundred years."



The Mayflower: *first of many?*

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BLONDE STAR THREATENS TO QUIT SOAP

by TV's Mr Showbiz **Peter Fiddick**

THE glamorous blonde known to many as Di Wales has told the long-running soap opera *Coronation Time* that if she is not given top billing and a lot more money she will quit and "tell all" to the tabloids.

Rover's Return

Di Wales is undoubtedly a ratings-puller, and many recent story lines have revolved around her exploits. The most recent "dirty phonecall episode", where she rang up heart-throb art dealer Steve Flogjunk, had the viewers switching on in their millions.

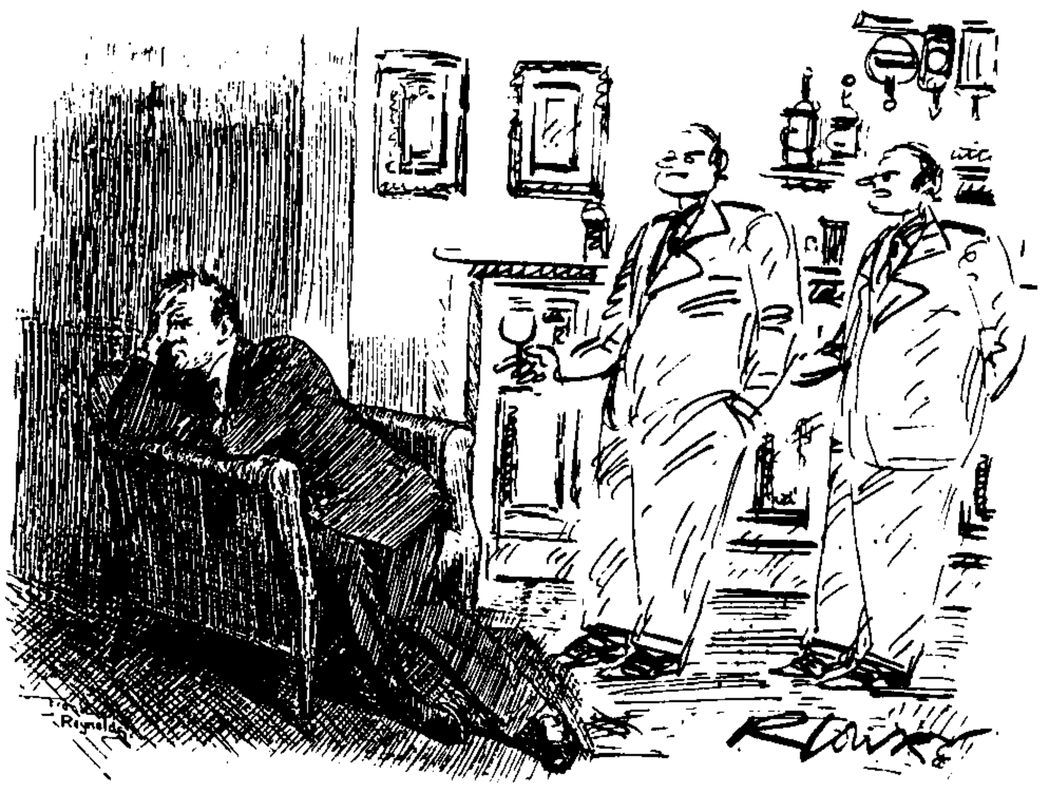
But the show's producer Mrs E. Windsor made it clear that they were not going to give in to "Di's blackmail".

She said: "The show is bigger than any one individual. Everyone said it was over when Eddie and Wally went off to live in France, but now no one remembers them. Recently we had to write Fergie out of the script by having her run off with a Sherpa.

Bet's Off

"It will be the same with Di. Either she toes the line or she's out. History. Kaput. Finito. *(That's enough foreign words — Ed.)*"

Di Wales's agent said that his client was unavailable for comment, but available for panto, opening supermarkets, and "suitable advertising opportunities with TV's Angus Deayton".



"No wonder he's sick — he's just drunk a litre of Indian ink!"

DIARY

CRAIG RAINE

1944: It's a Poet

Baby like hedgehog but
without those pointy bits:
quills. That's it. Quills.

Baby unbearded
as yet, pushes head-first
out of his mummy's pink dressing womb

Like Neil Armstrong
leaving Apollo 9. Or
quite like it, in a way.

Though obviously
Apollo 9 was made of
some sort of metal

And wasn't pink
and it had a control panel
with wires, buttons, levers and so on.

Still one mustn't be
pernickety
when it comes to poetry.

Congratulations, madam,
says the doctor, dressed all
in white, like a

doctor. It's a poet!
A minor poet! Neat on
similes, but we're still checking the

scansion. Baby still
unbearded suckles at
his mother's telephone receiver.

Actually, not her telephone receiver
but her bosoms.
Only they look slightly like

A telephone receiver
as seen from
an unusual angle.

Joyce, Eliot, Pound,
Pasternak, Conrad, Auden,
I thought I'd just

mention them. And also
Haile Selassie and Haile
Mills. And what about

Stalin too? These names
give the poem a swanky ring, *n'est ce pas?*

1958: Sprouts

Hair begins to sprout
from the poet's skin
in particular

Around his Eiffel
Tower: non-swanks, it
really is that

big. Also from his
chin and around his mouth
the hairiest poet since

Walt Whitman or
Hendrix, Jimi. Mmmmm,
so modern, so very

Modern. Now,
where was I?
Ah, yes. Hitler

Bombs Bristol while
Grandpa Raine brushes his
piano key teeth

In nearby Oxford. Or at
least quite nearby, if
you take the M4.

1972: The Poet Takes a Pupil

"Hello" he opened
his pillar-box mouth and
let himself in.

"My name's Amis. Martin
Amis. This your
sock is it then?"

Sock! We speak the same
language! For sock
read office! Great minds!

It must have been something
like this when Wordsworth met
Coleridge. I could murder a

Gitanes, Sam. The biff biff war in
Vietnam continues as
Amis learns at the

Poet's elbowish knee.
And look who Amis
knows! Amis knows

Fenton who knows Barnes who
knows McEwan who knows Motion
who knows Shakespeare

Though not to speak to. The
Shah falls. People die like
goldfish. The Ayatollah,

also bearded, sits in the
Peacock over-throne as the
Poet eases into his Faber sock.

1985: Another dirty bit to keep you reading

Anna Vladimirovna Romanovna
naked. Her breasts unfishy shell-
fish now unshelled.

The poet's great grandpa
naked. His leg of
lamb at the ready.

A condom like a
hot air balloon
only smaller.

Spermatozoa wriggling
on the linoleum like
spilt rice pudding.

Whoops. The poet's
great grandpa has
blown it. Sorry, Anna, love.

1994: Oxford. Major work ahead

The world talks of
nothing else. "Read all
about it!" yell

The newsvendors. "Major new
work by Raine!" Crowds
like the collective name for

lots of people stream
from every corner
anxious for an epic

verse history of
Europe, highly praised
by Fenton, Amis,

Raine, Barnes, Raine, Motion,
Raine, McEwan, Raine, Carey,
Morrison, Raine, Raine and

Raine, Raine go away
come again another
thingummy.

Anthony Bevins writes: The consequences of a permanent cessation of violence have been repeatedly spellt out by Downing Street.

Observer

ART DECO ACRYLIC bowel black/pink 11" DIA, 4" high, unusual £20 Tel 091

Evening Chronicle

LIVING

From illiterate waitres to award-winning playwright

18

Independent

Literary Review

Bad deal and Newman

Dependence Day
Robert Newman
(Century paperback and audiobook, £8.99)

STUDENTS are funny, aren't they? A year or two ago, Newman and Baddiel were teenage idols, the prized virtuosi of angsty wanking. Now here's Newman — you know, the one with the long hair who does that amazing routine about deaf people being able to lip-read Gerry Adams anyway — flogging a novel which has a plot that would gladden the heart of any National Front supporter.

The story couldn't be simpler. A 26-year-old mature student called Karen sees a vicious black drug-dealer named Buzz stab a white boy to death in a Camden pub. The police need her to give evidence if they're to convict him, but Buzz and his gang threaten to murder her, so she goes into hiding until the police track her down and she gets the courage to testify.

The trial's a close-run thing, mind: the bastard Buzz conducts his own defence and tries to intimidate her in court. What's more, there are two black jurors who vote for acquittal, one out of prejudice against whites and one out of brainless stupidity. But, thank heaven, finally he's convicted on a majority verdict and wouldn't you know it? It turns out he's got a criminal record as long as your arm and was already on the run from a conviction for raping an old lady he was burgling, when he did the murder.

So there, that's darkies for you. Murderous drug addicts, basically, and sex-crazed with it. And the thing is, you know, decent people like us have just got to find the strength somewhere to stand up for the truth and put them behind bars where they belong.

Yes, Karen's quite a heroine when you think about it. After the trial the murdered boy's mum thanks her effusively. "I really feel that because of what happened through this trial, my son didn't die in vain," she says. "The way that it's brought everyone together from all different walks of life, and the way people have shown that, when it comes down to it, they were prepared to stand up for all those fine things..." Fair makes you want to weep, don't it?

And we needn't have any sympathy for that black sod Buzz either. In the opening pages, Newman has wisely taken the precaution of giving us an insight into his primitive thought processes as he commits the murder: "YOU CAN'T LET THAT GO, YOU CAN'T LET THAT GO, YOU CAN'T LET WORD GET OUT THAT HE SAID THAT AND YOU DID NOTHING. HE'S IN TROUBLE NOW. I'M NOT LETTING IT GO. YOU DON'T FUCK WITH ME." Telling as they are, these "mental samples", as Newman disdainfully calls them, are a little misleading in being expressed in words at all, when, as everybody knows, the feelings that motivate

people of Buzz's kind can more justly be represented by a series of barking grunts like those emitted by a baboon.

But there — you've got to use words to write a book, haven't you? There's no getting away from it. Not that Newman wants to! He did English at Cambridge, you know. He's heard of Nabokov and Conrad. Absurdly, the story is told on a boat in the Thames, in self-conscious imitation of *Heart of Darkness* (them darkies again!) There's also a long and dreadful subplot about a friend of Karen's called Kevin, who weepily recounts the break-up of his romance with soulful Romanian Svetlana, when he carelessly screwed an old girlfriend on the side. The connection between these unconnected stories, the publishers hopefully claim, is that they're both about "human triumph over adversity and the struggle between past and present". Coo! One thinks of Homer, eh?

Being a pretentious prat, this Kevin is, quite obviously, Robert Newman himself. He keeps quoting philosophers, talking about film directors and saying things like *"l'abîme appelle l'abîme"*, as well as informing us that he "could never love a woman who didn't love me coming on her face". At one point he even follows Melvyn Bragg ("Bern-a-dette", remember?) in mindlessly copying the opening of *Lolita* ("She was Svetlana, plain Svetlana, in the morning...")

Unfortunately, despite these fancy touches, Newman can't write for toffee. His delivery of necessary information is almost moronically plodding — "His small head is round", "They had a big dog called Monty" — and his imagination is hopelessly dim. So he fills in by gesturing vaguely towards someone, something or other, you know, one of those. "Karen felt as if someone had pressed a pause button on her life"; "she felt like someone who was both serving a prison sentence and yet somehow also on the run"; "she felt like someone or something was watching her all the time..." and so endlessly on, somehow, someone, somewhere.

Yet Newman desperately wants to be taken seriously. Last year in a review for the *Sunday Times* he pompously ticked off Ben Elton for having "no feel for the written word" and not realising "that what is funny orally is not necessarily funny on the page". In an interview last week he compared himself to Dickens and Shakespeare, modestly leaving out Dante. Dickens, he pointed out, "used to do, basically, stand-up, to promote his books", while the bard provided an even closer parallel: "Shakespeare was a famous actor before he was a playwright."

The truth is that Newman's just another celeb-novelist, only on the page because he's been on the screen. Unlike Naomi Campbell and Martina Navratilova, his rivals in the autumn fiction lists, however, he's foolishly chosen to write the book himself.

Books & Bookmen

☐ WHEN John Bayley, chairman of the Booker prize judges, revealed to fellow judges that his wife, Dame Iris Murdoch, had decided *not* to enter her latest novel for this year's award, one might have thought judge James Wood would have admitted that *his* wife had decided to put hers in anyway.

He may or may not have realised that two of his fellow judges would have said warm things about his wife Claire Messud's novel, *When the World Was Steady* precisely because they knew he would expect them to do so. He, not realising that they knew of his marital arrangements and feeling rather sorry for the rough ride she'd had from reviewers, with the exception of a glowing tribute in Wood's own *Guardian*, saw no reason to declare his interest. Besides, the resulting publicity would sell a few copies of a first novel which conspicuously wasn't selling.

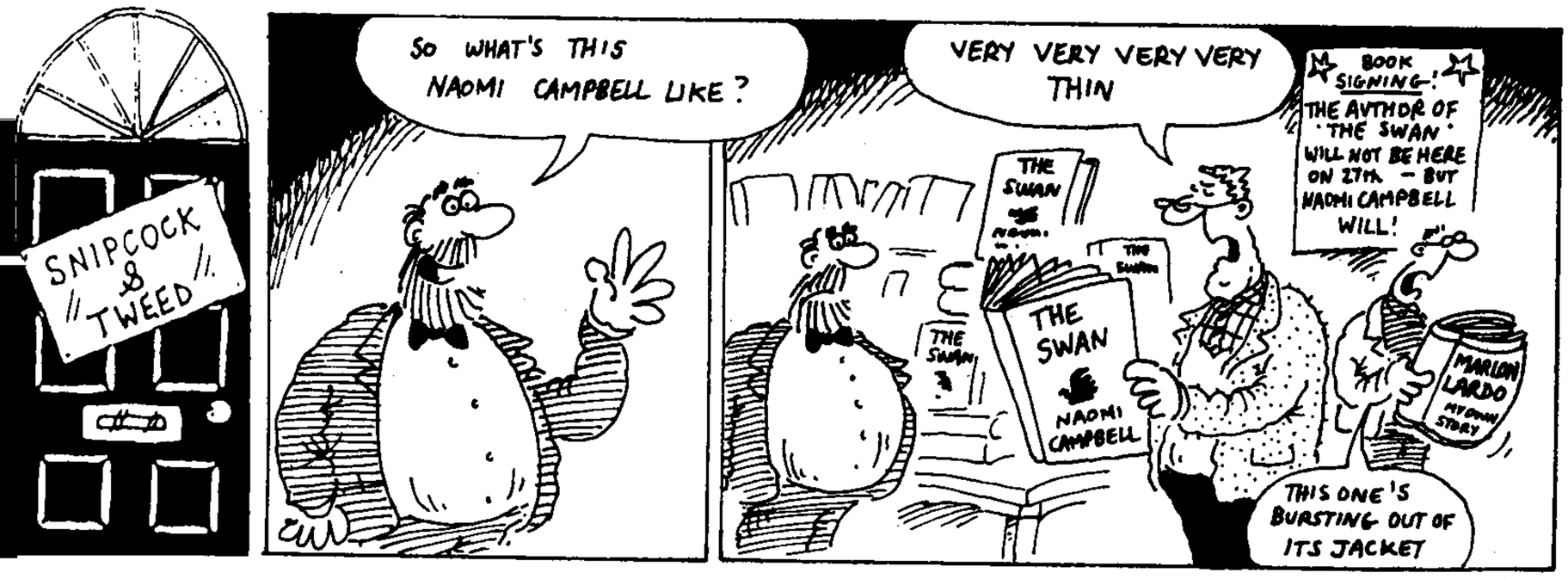
■ OF THE disgraced booksellers' September tomes, which will do better in the bookshops: Tim Waterstone's "popular" novel, *Lilley & Chase*, or Terry Maher's angry memoir, *Against My Better Judgement*?

On the face of it, Waterstone's bookbuster; but those in the book trade who've read it curl up their lips in disdain. Nevertheless, it was naughty of Ion Trewin in his *Times* review to say: "I felt he could have done with some stern advice on construction: repetitions of style and too much history of the characters dropped in rather than seamlessly imparted."

The publishing group of which Trewin is editorial director, Orion, was underbidder for the novel.

Reed, meanwhile, publisher of Maher's panegyric, is having to reprint the tetchy tome ahead of publication because Terry is visiting bookshops up and down the country, not only his old Dillons and Hatchards shops, and insisting they stock his slim volume in depth. A second impression of 5,000 copies is being readied although everyone knows that after a few months most will be returned to sender.

'Bookworm'


SNIPCOCK & TWEED
SO WHAT'S THIS NAOMI CAMPBELL LIKE?
VERY VERY VERY VERY THIN
BOOK SIGNING! THE AVTHOR OF 'THE SWAN' WILL NOT BE HERE ON 27TH — BUT NAOMI CAMPBELL WILL!
THE SWAN
NAOMI CAMPBELL
MARLON LARDO MY OWN STORY
THIS ONE'S BURSTING OUT OF ITS JACKET

footnotes

FA from BA

THE story of John Gorman's persecution after he complained about a condom in his British Airways food has finally reached the mass media. It appeared here on 3 June (World's Favourite Dirty Tricks); on 1 July (BAshed!); on 15 July (Flight from Heathrow); and again on 12 August (BA BA Backtrack).

Two important questions which these stories asked, and which have not been answered, are:

● Is there anything left in British Airways of the dirty tricks department set up by David Burnside, the former Orange extremist from Northern Ireland appointed head of British Airways public relations by Lord King in 1984 — and deployed in such maniacal fashion against Richard Branson and his airline, Virgin?

● What is the connection between British Airways security and Heathrow police station, to both of which the abusive and threatening telephone calls made to John Gorman were traced?

In pursuit of answers to both questions the *Eye* has been asking British Airways about the raid on John Gorman's house in May last year by six police officers from Heathrow police station and an "investigations officer" from British Airways, Frederick Robert David Armstrong.

Armstrong, an Ulsterman, joined the British Airways "investigations branch" in July 1986. It was he who in February last year started the investigation into John Gorman's complaints.

On 1 September the *Eye* put the following questions to British Airways press office:

● Is it normal for BA officials or employees to accompany police officers on a raid of the type which took place on John Gorman's home in May 1993?

● What exactly was Mr Armstrong's role on that occasion?

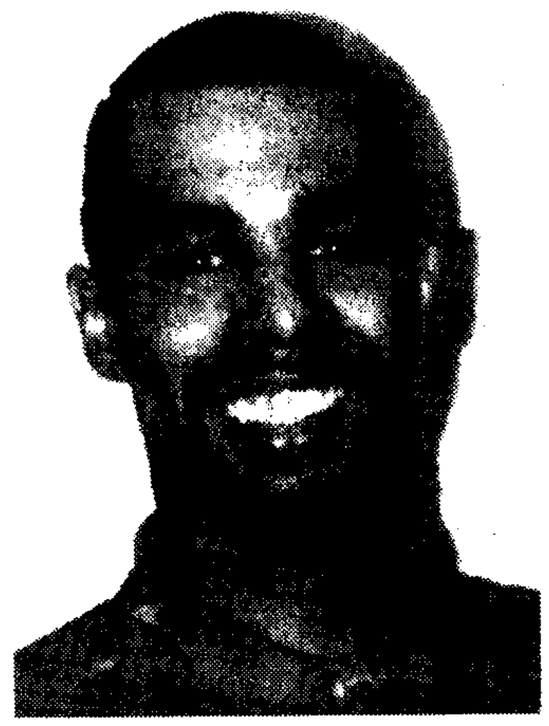
● Was Mr Armstrong recruited in 1986?

● Was he recruited from Northern Ireland?

● Was he recruited either directly or on the recommendation of Mr David Burnside, then head of BA public relations?

On September 2 the Eye got a letter from the public relations general manager marketing and regions. Here it is in full:

"Thank you for your faxed letter of yesterday afternoon. I attach the statement issued last week by British Airways in relation to Mr Gorman's allegations. British Airways has nothing further to say on this matter"



TEN QUESTIONS FOR A CORONER

AS SO often in the past, the police complaints authority (PCA) has nothing but praise for the way the police have carried out an inquiry into the behaviour of the, er, police.

The investigation by Supt John Horan, of the Gloucestershire force, into the strange death of Mark Harris at Trinity police station, Bristol, on 9 July, says the PCA, has been "thorough and speedy" and is backed up by 85 statements and 153 other documents. It has gone off to the Bristol coroner, though his office tells the *Eye* he hasn't had it yet.

The inquest won't be held this month and probably not even next; but Mark's family and friends are hoping that Mr Horan and the coroner will help them with answers to, among others, the following questions:

1. Why would Mark, who had gone to Bristol from his Cardiff home to celebrate his wife's birthday, have committed suicide, as the police suggest?

2. Was there any sort of scuffle when Mark was arrested after the car his friend was driving was stopped?

3. Was any reference made to the fact that Mark was black?

4. Where is the stolen cheque book which, according to the police and the PCA, Mark was questioned about?

5. Was he charged with theft of the cheque book, or with anything else?

6. Where is the belt with which, according to Bristol police, Mark strangled himself?

7. How did he manage to smash a metal grate 6ft 10ins high on the cell wall, and attach the belt to it?

8. Why was he allowed to keep a belt in the cell and what colour was it?

9. Why was his wife Angela, who got to the police station before he died, not told of his illness? Why was she left to watch the ambulance come and go to the Bristol Royal Infirmary (where Mark was found to be dead on arrival) without even knowing he was in it?

10. How many other young black men have died in mysterious circumstances in prisons and police cells over the last 10 years?

The Astra Two are innocent!

■ THE department of trade (prop: Michael Heseltine) is going to court to get orders to disqualify six directors of the former arms company Astra.

The chief crimes of the directors outlined in the recent department of trade inspectors' report (author-in-chief: Colin Percy Farquharson Rimer, former schoolmate of Peter Lilley, the secretary of state who appointed him) was disguising the true state of the company finances in order to raise more money from shareholders.

The decision to seek the orders has caused some nervousness in company boardrooms, in few of which can directors claim, hand on heart, that they have never done any such terrible thing. Nervous souls in the City have been heard to muse out loud that if directors are to be banned because they mislead their shareholders about the true state of the company's finances, there would be no directors left.

But perhaps the most surprising aspect about the Astra Six is that they are not the Astra Seven or the Astra Eight. There are two glaring omissions from the "disqualification list".

● Stephan Adolphus Kock, a non-executive director of the company, who is as heavily criticised in the report as any other "non-exec". Kock, a former consultant to the Midland Bank, got into trouble in Scotland in 1990 after excessive use of his automatic pistol on the open road (see *Eyes passim*).

No one in high places will confirm or deny that the extraordinary leniency enjoyed by Mr Kock is linked to his connections with British intelligence, or the "specialised duties" he carried out for the British government in Malaysia.

● Jonathan William Patrick Aitken, a non-executive director of BMARC, a wholly-owned subsidiary of Astra, during the main period the parent company was misleading shareholders.

Any government action against Mr Aitken, let alone a public verdict that he is unfit to run a public company, would be somewhat embarrassing since he now sits in the cabinet as chief secretary to the treasury — a senior minister in charge of the finances of the nation.

Campbell's Kingdoms

■ While British Rail rushes to sell itself to privatisers or break the signal workers strike, the media usually quote BR chairman Sir Bob Reid. More credit should go to Christopher Campbell, the British Railways Board vice-chairman who is anxious to get things moving since he was appointed in February for a five-year term to the Board which ceases to exist in half that time. His qualifications were prodigious.

1). He knew nothing about railways.

2). He went on the board of the National Bus Company to privatise the buses.

3). He is chairman of a health Trust.

4). He works for the Fayed brothers on the board of Harrods.

5). He is an accountant.

HALON AND GOODBYE

WHY DID the fire on the ferry *Sally Star* burn for so long? Why was it not put out earlier by its "fail-safe" system involving the chemical gas Halon 1301?

These puzzling questions are causing considerable alarm at the ferry's future competitor, Eurotunnel, whose strategy for fighting life-threatening fires on the shuttle through the Channel tunnel is entirely founded on Halon 1301.

Since January the Channel tunnel safety unit has been trying to devise a convincing reply to a series of disturbing letters from experienced shipping consultant Kevin Shilleto. Mr Shilleto makes three points:

● Why is Halon being used at all? It is a redundant chemical which is already being phased out all over Europe because of the damage it does to the ozone layer. No one is making it; the former manufacturers have lost interest in it and its use is no longer monitored. Eurotunnel's assurances that it has "enough stocks to last for 20 years" may not be much use if European regulations against the use of Halon are further tightened.

● Why is Halon to be used, according to the Eurotunnel manuals, only "as a last resort" when a fire has been going for some time? Halon, Mr Shilleto points out, can only be effective in putting out a fire if it is used at once. If it is used too late, it has no effect and the fire blazes on. This is probably what happened on the Ramsgate ferry.

● And why, according to the Eurotunnel drill, are passengers to be evacuated immediately *after* the Halon has put out the fire? Mr Shilleto points out that after use on fires Halon decomposes into toxic gases which can cause severe illness, and worse, in humans who come into contact with it.

Mr Shilleto has engaged in long correspondence with the safety unit and has even had a cordial exchange with Sir Alastair Morton, the chairman of Eurotunnel, who tried to shut him up. None of Eurotunnel's replies has satisfied him.

In July he wrote twice to John Major, asking the prime minister to hold up the Channel tunnel programme until this matter is sorted out. "I believe that the principal fire fighting system employing Halon 1301 which is the only one capable of saving life in an explosive or petroleum flash fire, is fatally flawed in its operating design. Put succinctly, passengers under those conditions will fry or suffocate."

In his second letter he wrote: "A basic error of judgement was to employ closed wagons, which are not used in alpine tunnels, instead of open 'flats' which are. The danger from fire in 'flats' would be hugely discounted, but that would slow down passage, restrict the number of transits per hour and reduce profits."

A reply from someone called G. Fudger (*sic*), acting head of the Chunnel's safety unit, mentioned Halon only once, and increased Mr Shilleto's doubts and worries. He wrote again, stressing the need for instant use of Halon on a fire, and of not evacuating passengers through decomposed Halon until gases had blown away.

The letters, and the lack of a convincing reply, went on until the end of August. His appeal for a delay in the Chunnel until these matters can be settled has so far been ignored, but his letters may have had some effect. The freebie trips to show off the shuttle to the media were originally scheduled for July but have still to be arranged.

SHIPWRECKED: The survivors from the Sally Star heading for safety in the Ramsgate lifeboat

PORTILLO: Straight as a die

DOWN THE TUBES

COMPENSATION terms are being thrashed out over the compulsory purchase by London Underground of a fashionable London restaurant run by a close relative of Michael Portillo.

The restaurant was taken over to make way for the Jubilee line extension, which was pioneered by Portillo when he was minister of state for transport. Compensation will be paid from taxpayers' money so jealously protected during Portillo's recent stint as chief secretary to the treasury.

The restaurant opened in April 1991, five months after the premises were listed in a parliamentary bill for likely compulsory purchase. The occupiers were named as Nino Martines and Andre Trepel, partners in a firm called Joiners. Martines, known as Dino, is a celebrity chef. His journalist wife Alison Eadie is the sister of Carolyn Eadie, a City consultant who is married to Michael Portillo. Mr Trepel worked for Dakins, the wine merchants.

Mr Trepel tells the *Eye*: "We had no foreknowledge of what would happen to us when we applied for the licence way back in 1989, or even when we were converting the restaurant."

The *Eye* asked Mr Trepel if he thought he and Mr Martines would gain from the compensation which will eventually be paid to their company by the taxpayer. "I don't think so," he replied. "We were left hanging for two very lean years with our business going down all the time. Our accounts are not favourable, and the compensation depends on our accounts."

Asked about Mr Portillo, Mr Trepel said: "Michael's been to the restaurant... I mean, you know, there's no quarter given and none expected. Michael's very straight. There's no question of anyone trying to twist his arm or anything. I mean, he's as straight as a die."

London Underground says the usual form in such compensation cases is to pay a lump sum up front and negotiate the balance. Mr Trepel says the whole compensation for Joiners is still being negotiated.

Greenman, Greedyman, Porterman...

THE district auditor's hearings into what his preliminary report suggested was the biggest local government corruption story in British history start again soon.

Supporters of the council regime under investigation, Dame Shirley Porter's at Westminster, have been claiming their fire on the mild-mannered and scrupulously honest accountant who got the bed of nails as district auditor for Westminster, Mr old John Magill.

One of the dame's top guns against Magill is her former aide and loyal adviser, Stuart Greenman. The district auditor has shown a lot of interest in 20 questions faxed from Porter's office in Greenman's handwriting on 24 March 1987. Top of the list was a question to the council's director of housing. "How does he propose to achieve the target voter figures in the eight relevant wards by 1990"? The auditor is not sure that "achieving target voter figures" is a proper activity for a council official.

How Mr Greenman answers questions on these matters has yet to be made public, but in the interim the *Eye* can disclose another little problem for him.

Last year he was hired as a public relations consultant by the Tower Hamlets Combined Traders Association, which represents six markets, including Petticoat Lane. The traders were in dispute with the then Liberal Democrat administration in Tower Hamlets over what they claim was a council rip-off over market rents.

Last autumn the traders' solicitor, Andrew Lathey of Eppel & Co, thought they needed better public relations and recommended as a consultant a brilliant and relatively cheap PR man from Westminster called Stuart Greenman.The traders hired Mr Greenman for a short burst of 10 hours work at an agreed fee of £750.

In January the traders noticed that Mr Greenman was conducting a public campaign against the district auditor. They read with horror his leader-page article in the *Daily Mail* (penned, so the *Eye* revealed at the time, by Roger Rosewell, *Mail* leader writer and Porter bagman) in which he blamed the suicide of former Westminster Tory councillor Michael Dutt on Mr Magill's "Kafkaesque" inquiries. The traders had taken their case against Tower Hamlets to the district auditor and were a bit uncomfortable about associating with a man responsible for such a diatribe. They told Greenman his services were no longer required, and were rather surprised to get a bill from him for £4,500.

Mr Greenman insists this represents work he did; but the traders do not agree. When they refused to pay, Greenman took one of their officers to court seeking an insolvency order to bankrupt him for the debt. The magistrates chucked the case out.

The promising partnership between Mr Lathey and Mr Eppel has broken up — but that's another story. Watch this space.

You can write to Paul Foot at 6 Carlisle Street, London W1V 5RG, or leave a message for him on 071 287 3183

In the City

LORD ARCHER's "grave error" was almost as much in making his apology to the fragrant Mary as it was in buying £250,000 worth of Anglia TV shares. For weeks the great storyteller had been telling the world he had done nothing wrong and had rightly been "cleared". Then all at once he was admitting to a "grave error" and breathing new life into a dying story.

It was perhaps hoped that under the smokescreen of seeming to apologise to Mary Archer for the embarrassment, Archer himself would be seen to admit indirectly that he had done wrong and that would be an end to it. Not for the first time both Archer, and his lawyer, Lord Mishcon, made another grave error.

The statement was a masterpiece of lawyer-speak containing two rather than 12 red herrings.

First, Archer apologised for having "allowed his name to be associated with the purchase and sale of shares". Naturally if you give a broker instructions to buy and sell, your name tends to get "associated" with the deal — even if you tell him post-facto to book the shares in the name of a friend.

Second, the statement jumped to the remarkable assumption that because the Department of Timidity & Inaction (DTI) had decided to take no further action "they can accordingly be taken to have concluded... that this transaction was carried out without the benefit of any insider information". That is a conclusion only Lord Archer or his lawyer would reach.

Everyone else takes the view that — in the words of one observer close to the investigation — "the circumstantial evidence is overwhelming". A not surprising conclusion given that Archer first contacted brokers Charles Stanley the day after Lady Archer attended a board meeting at which Anglia directors were told the bid from MAI was on at between £1.25 and £2 above the then market price, and then bought again the day after she was informed the deal was to be agreed at a board meeting in two days' time.

Such no doubt unfair impressions can only be further encouraged by the fact that Archer bought the shares for the dealing account starting the day after that last board meeting and the day before the bid was announced. That meant his Kurdish aide Broosk Saib would not need to pay money he might not have had for the Anglia shares, just collect the cheque when they were sold on the day of the bid.

Archer is what the Stock Exchange would class as an "experienced investor" and is an informed City watcher. He would not need to be "told" to "know" that a bid was going down. But he would certainly know — because Mary would have told him — that he was not to deal in Anglia shares without first checking with her as a director. And he would also know that if she was told he had dealt she would have to disclose the details. Furthermore, he would know that directors' close relatives are not allowed to deal ahead of a takeover bid. The insider dealing law makes it clear that even if relatives discover such sensitive information by chance, they cannot deal.

So, after the success of the first set of *Eye* questions, faithfully regurgitated as their own by numerous hacks following the Archer statement, here is a second set which the lover of fiction over fact and his friend might care not to answer.

- As it is accepted that Lady Archer did not inform her husband of the bid, how much did he know about her trips to London to attend the Anglia board meetings, the last on a Sunday when she might normally be expected to be in Cambridge?
- Did Lord Archer take any messages for his wife concerning the meetings or overhear any conversations regarding the Anglia/MAI discussions?
- Did he accidentally see any papers relating to the Anglia board meetings?
- Did he tell his wife that he had bought the Anglia shares for Saib?
- If so, when; and if not, why not?

Only when these key questions are answered will the doubtless unjustified suspicion over exactly why he told the brokers to book the shares in Saib's name after first placing the initial order be removed.

Now for Saib. He has so far said little, but what he has said, like Archer, has only served to raise more questions. Saib told the *Financial Times*: "I have bought a lot of shares in my lifetime and I continue to do so." All of which would suggest Saib has access to a broker. So why didn't he give the instructions to that broker instead of Archer ringing Simon Wharmby, who last dealt for him years before? But then Charles Stanley would not have dealt for an unknown individual to the tune of £250,000 and especially not for "new time", the classic giveaway of the spiv who has a hot tip but not the cash if it all goes wrong.

However, no broker, especially a "half commission" man like Simon Wharmby, is likely to turn down the cut from a £250,000 deal which a millionaire novelist was standing behind. One must wonder therefore how Saib answers the following questions:

- Was he in London between 13 and 18 January when the shares were bought?
- If so, why did he not call the broker he had used so many times before?
- When did he first know he had spent £250,000 on Anglia shares and could he have paid?
- Where did the £80,000 profit go after it left Saib's bank account?
- Why did he tell the *Evening Standard* that he "dare not say" where the money is?
- The £80,000 profit on the share deal would incur capital gains tax at Saib's personal tax rate — but does he pay UK tax? There are those who suggest that despite living in London for several years and running businesses here he may be little known to the Inland Revenue.

"You confuse sound fiscal policy with tyranny — I take from the private sector to reduce public sector borrowings..."

The Tories are under great pressure over the DTI decision not to prosecute on the Anglia deal. Not just Labour but even the normally loyal Tory press is out for blood, most of it Jeffrey Archer's.

Trade secretary Michael Heseltine clearly feels aggrieved that having taken three sets of legal advice (probably including two QCs, one an inspector and the other the source of the final independent opinion), he is still being pressed to justify the "no further action" decision by pressuring Archer to agree to publication of the inspectors' report.

As the *Eye* has repeatedly made clear, a prosecution was unlikely to succeed given the denials that inside information was passed on or received by such high profile potential witnesses. But Heseltine wanted to double bank the decision to prevent the very allegations of a cover-up that Labour is now making.

Political damage limitation on the Archer affair seems to have been the motto ever since the February day the Stock Exchange's ticking report disclosing the Anglia deal dropped on DTI desks. Once Heseltine and then John Major knew the details it seems most unlikely Archer was ever in the running for a post in the summer reshuffle. Why elevate a man who would be forced to resign if the investigation became known? It looks increasingly as if only Archer and his fans thought promotion to junior minister or party chairman was prevented by the "leak" of the DTI investigation.

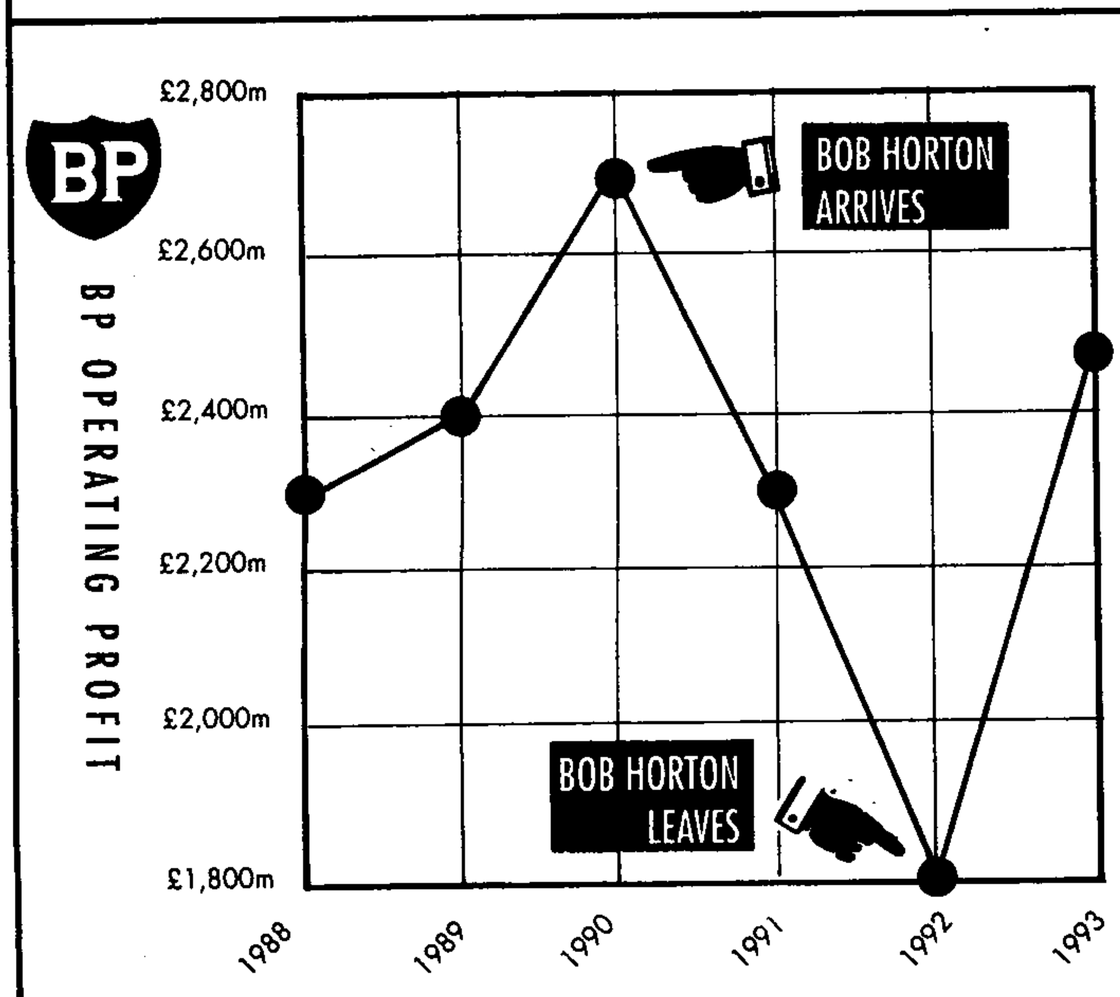
The Tories would dearly like their former darling to save them by agreeing to publication of the report or making a full statement. But why should Archer agree when the contents may be less than helpful? "A guilty but we'll never prove it" conclusion would hardly help Archer or the government. And any statement would need to be consistent with the version given to the inspectors under oath when Archer has already given differing versions to the press.

The great novelist therefore may not feel able to fall on his pen, and indeed the government may feel unable to force him there, much as it might like. Once it was accepted that insider dealing investigation reports could be published, how would the publication of future reports be resisted?

Certainly Major must hope his friend stays away from the upcoming party conference. Especially given the response Archer made last year to an *Eye* reader who wrote disagreeing with his speech on crime and punishment. The great storyteller countered the criticism by taking the high moral ground. "We must treat serious crimes with serious punishments," he declared. "My own view is that people who commit fraud, regardless of their background, should be punished." A view no doubt Lord Law & Order holds on insider dealing.

'Slicker

British Management Part 1. BOB HORTON, Chairman Railtrack, formerly Chairman BP.



BP Operating Profit before tax (calendar year)	
1988	£2,314m
1989	£2,423m
1990	£2,725m
1991	£2,371m
1992	£1,884m
1993	£2,501m

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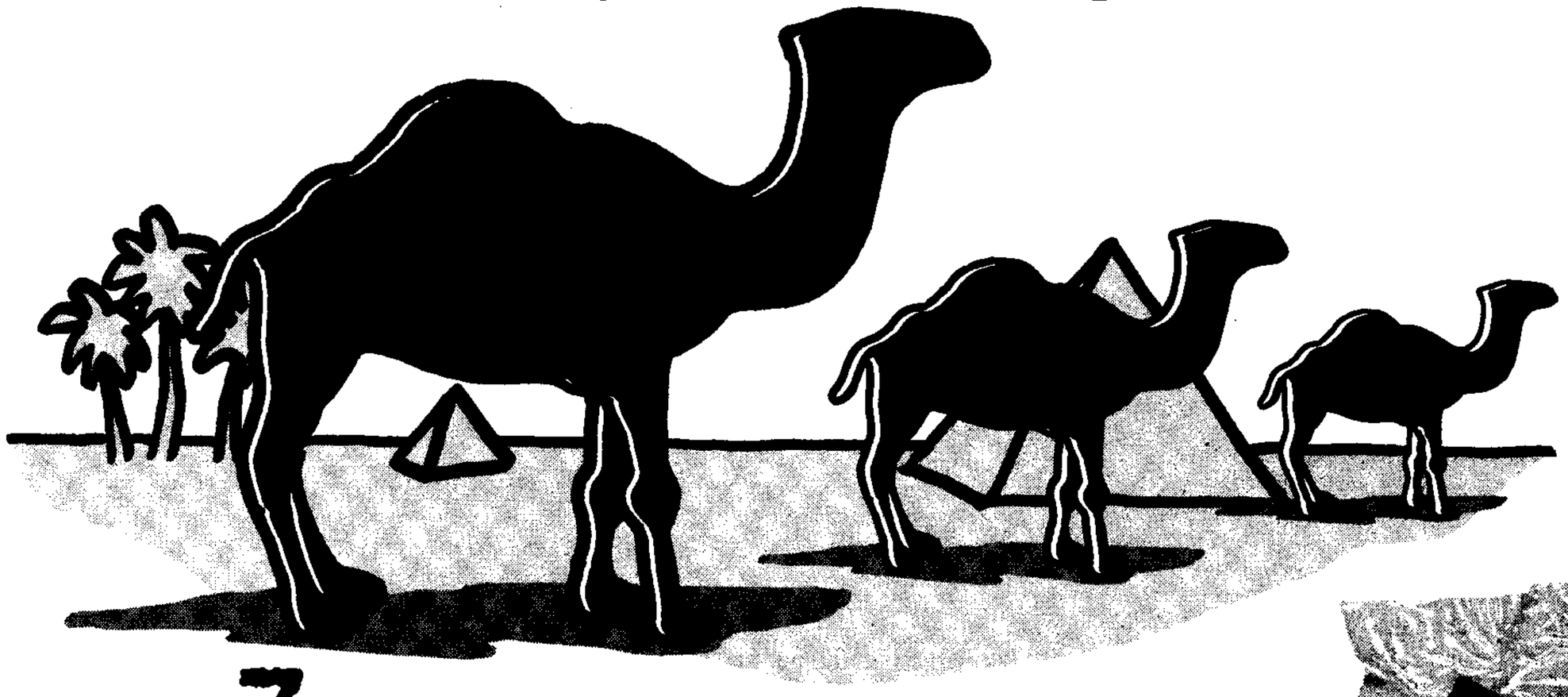

7 things you didn't know about SMOOTH-TASTING Camel Mild

1. By extracting individual letters from the last 7 verses of Nostradamus, one can make the phrase 'Camel Mild is a smooth-tasting cigarette'.

2. Camel Mike was a used-camel dealer on the lower east side of Cairo. This smooth-talking individual was not to be trusted. However, you can trust Camel Mild to deliver a smooth taste everytime.

3. Quantum physicists believe that everytime an event occurs, the universe splits into two. Tests have shown, however, that this is not a way of getting a free pack of smooth-tasting Camel Mild.

4. Camel Files were often smuggled inside cakes to incarcerated dromedaries. A Camel Mild is far too smooth, however, to cut through the bars of any prison cell.

5. 'The Smoothists' are a revolutionary art movement who believe the canvas should be kept free of all paint. This leaves them plenty of time to enjoy the smooth taste of Camel Mild.

6. The seventeenth-century botanist Kamel almost certainly never dreamt that Camel Mild could taste so smooth.

7. The cubic capacity of a pack of smooth-tasting Camel Mild is almost the same as the engine of a small moped. The mind boggles.

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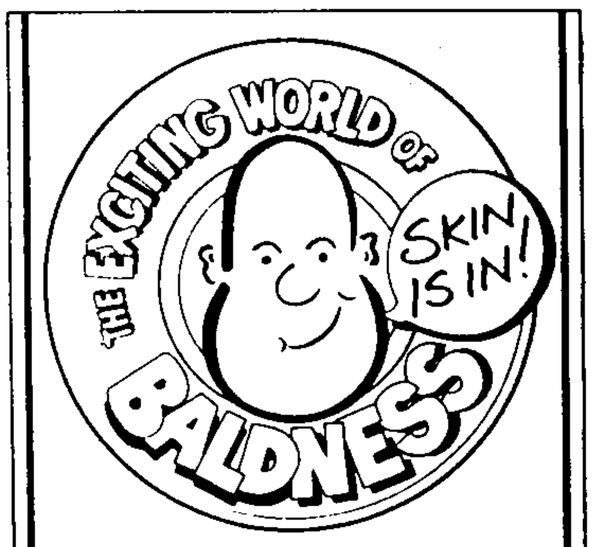

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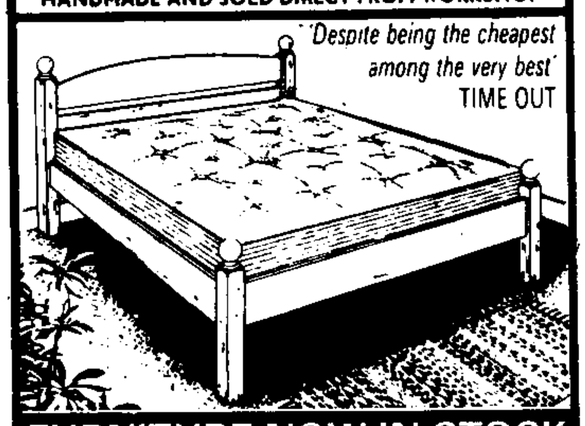

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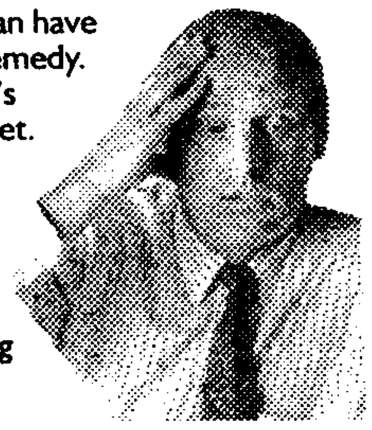

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While every effort has been made to ensure that advertisements offering 'get-even' type services have been acting within the law, Private Eye has decided to withdraw such advertisments to avoid any possibility of unsavoury types slipping through the net.

DODGY DAVE from Peterlee seeks Xexy Xerxes from Dublin for a bit of "Random Roderick" on Saturday 10th September 1994.

SPEECH WRITING by Mitch Murray. See EYE HELP.

"ABORTILLO"

AIRTOUR'S SECRET — Pizza factory at base Mariscal apartments Benidorm 20,000 motorbike deliveries per fortnight. Lunn Poly's director Ian Smith says "It's not my company's policy to inform our clients about this pizza factory". Video available 041 774 4000.

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SOFTLY SPOKEN, confident male, 25, seeks female friend. Likes smiling, sharing, sensitivity, sincerity. London. Box 3653.

RANDY OLD GOAT in his late fifties seeks randy old bag in her late forties. Box 3753.

CREATIVE TYPE MALE, married, very fit, 55, solvent, seeks comely female for regular romps and laughs. Box 3853.

OUTRAGEOUSLY SEXY minx, 30, intelligent, deep of spirit, high with humour, capable, confident, passionate and wonderful woman with all this wants man with all this. If in doubt, don't write. Photo essential (of you!). Box 3953.

DEMANDING WOMAN sought by good-looking male for great expectations. Box 4053.

TWO SINGLE WOMEN, 40, seek men for friendship, socialising, possible romance. Box 4153.

SHROPSHIRE MAN, tall, attractive, seeks bored but adventurous woman for afternoon/eve naughtiness. Photo useful. Box 4353.

MALE, 36, sort of happily married, not unattractive, graduate (science), a civil servant (not a Sir Humphrey), loves theatre, food/drink, the countryside. Are you female, 30-40ish, cheerful, affectionate, live in/near London, and looking for a lighthearted affaire? So write to me — now! Box 4453.

31, ACTING 21 male seeks silly but nice girl into dancing, sunsets, beaches, hugs and daft conversation for love and laughs. London/West Kent. Box 5553.

ISLE OF MAN, Consultant Architect, 42, working on the Island part time, would like to meet an interesting lady, 35-45 for wining, dining and minor adventures to avert a mid-life crisis (mine, yours or both!!). Sense of humour essential, beauty not important, but not too large — I'm 5'8", 11 stone. Please write — discretion and integrity assured. Box 4753.

GENTLEMAN, 31, good-humoured, intelligent, witty, "politically incorrect", patriotic and romantic, with a healthy dislike of the modern world, who hopes one day to get married and have a large family, would like to hear from a like-minded lady, of a similar or younger age, with a view to correspondence leading to meeting. Box 4853.

FEMALE ORIENTAL, 30, seeks male friend, any age, professional/businessman or shop owner. Photo appreciated. Please apply to Box 4953.

FERDINAND SEEKS Miranda. Box 5053.

BLACKADDER, 38, slim, not bald, kind and skilful, seeks discreet, passionate affaire with younger female, married or not. Day or night. East Anglia. Box 5153.

LONELY, PROFESSIONAL gentleman, 42, recently separated, wide range of interests, gsoh, seeks stimulating female company to share mutual pleasures. Surrey/Hampshire/Berkshire borders. Box 5253.

ATTRACTIVE MALE, 40, abominable soh, seeks younger woman to share exotic scuba diving hols and depravity. Box 4653.

HELP! Slightly mad scientist needs almost sane woman to restore equilibrium in long-term experiment. I'm an intelligent, thoughtful, sometimes shy youth who can't believe he's just reached forty. Slim, long-haired and somewhat scruffy. You're bright, independent and can cope with an unconventional, sometimes chaotic, lifestyle. Preferred location: planet Earth, but willing to compromise. Box 5653.

28 Y/OLD RESPONSIBLE published poet (Cambridge Graduate) currently overseas seeks patron or v. cheap/free accommodation Brighton area while completing novel. References available. Box 5753.

SEMI-RETIRED hotel/caterer, gsh, n/s. living Southern Spain, owning superb villa, enjoying civilised life style, wishes to meet with slim lady. Photo please. Box 6053.

COMELY COUNTRY GIRL seeks stable lad tdh. Photo, Wales (20-30s). Box 4954.

SHOE/FOOT fetish seeks erotic lady for unhurried fantasy exploration/fulfilment. I'm single, educated, 30s, broadminded, discreet. Photo (returnable) helps, long (scented) letter written wearing (only) silk stockings preferable. Box 3552.

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PRETTY WOMAN, 30, wants a baby. Seeking tall, humorous, intelligent male, to oblige. Herts/North London. Box 4253.

AMBIDEXTROUS MALE student wishes to correspond with lively, intelligent female who can demonstrate her qualities in writing. Box 2552.

J
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L still delightful.
W still on?
R. Box 5652.

SUCCESSFUL not unattractive solvent professional 44 soh kind dependable virile varied interests prisoner sterile relationship offers affectionate lady 20s, 30s (attached or otherwise), love and support. Box 2153.

HUSBAND WANTED (not someone else's!) for girl with own house, career, long brunette hair, suits with short skirts, stockings, nice smile, two cats and teddy bear. Vacancy arisen as daughter leaving for university. Applicants should be romantic, wealthy and definitely genuine. Box 1254.

PROFESSIONAL SINGLE MAN, educated, well travelled, smart, seeks attractive, slim, intelligent lady, mid twenties early thirties of any nationality. Reading, London area. Photo appreciated. Box 1354.

INDEPENDENTLY MINDED, intellectually challenging professional woman sought by similar man, 35, 5'7", for earnest discussions, serious drinking, fun, hysterics and more. Tell me about yourself at length. S/East photo improves chances. Box 1454.

GRADUATE SEEKS Lady Chatterley for riding lessons and odd jobs. Box 1554.

ATTRACTIVE, INTELLIGENT female, 20-35, needed for fun London menage. Details on request. Box 1854.

ATTRACTIVE MAN, own brain, seeks adventurous young female breakfast partner. Box 1954.

TALL, AFFECTIONATE MALE, 44, attractive and intelligent and very much into kissing and seeks a passionate lady to practise with. Lives near London. Box 2054.

MILITARY TYPE MALE, 35, single, 6ft, seeks great pair of legs lady, 26-38, romantic, loving. S/SE. Box 2154.

BEAUTIFUL REDHEAD requires soldier penfriend. ALL letters guaranteed replies. Box 2254.

CHEF/RESTAURATEUR, 24, 6ft2, loves travel, cinema (La Grande Bouffe a favourite) and music, seeks Rubenesque foodie female for correspondence and possible relationship. Peculiar sense of humour and antisocial hours (almost) essential. Yorkshire/E Lancs. Box 2354.

MALE, 32, DIRECTOR, slim, tall and attractive, fed up with spending nights alone in London hotels seeks a sexy, slim, sensual female of any age for mutual pleasure. Photo required. Box 2454.

PROFESSIONAL PILOT, 33, swm working in the Arabian Gulf seeks uninhibited athletic attractive lady 25-35 into scuba diving for lasting relationship. Photo, phone number, guarantees reply. Box 2554.

SENSIBLE PROFESSIONAL chap (36), happily attached but seeking a bubbly, affectionate lady (30s/40s) to be unsensible with from time to time. London. Box 2654.

HANDSOME PASSIONATE male, 31, Glasgow-based, seeks (?leggy) temptress for sensual liaison (Lowlands fling?). Box 2754.

MALE, 43, SEEKS female. Object — bank robbery followed by relaxation abroad. Box 2854.

LADY OF SHALLOTT requires change of fate. Lady — 33, single, sane, sensual, curious, fair. Suitor — 27-37, single, male, prepossessing, n/s. Photo essential. Portsmouth. Box 2954.

EDDIE VEDDER LOOKALIKE wanted for tall, blonde, female, 40 (going on 25!), into music, food, fun and long-haired lovers. Manchester or North West preferred. Photo please. Box 3054.

AMUSING, FULL-BODIED, unpretentious woman (vintage 1938) with depth and fragrance seeks grand cru man of zest and maturity. Photo please. London. Box 3154.

TRAVELLER, WRITER, 33, 6ft, big shoulders, bigger soh, seeks beautiful brainy female soulmate who loves to laugh, in pursuit of love, life, happiness and anything else. E Midlands/London. Photo appreciated. Box 3254.

SLIM, ATTRACTIVE, not wildly sociable woman, 43, seeks similar man, ns, Surrey/SE London. Photograph appreciated. Box 1654.

ARE YOU Renaissance woman? Attractive? 20-35? Independent? Sick soh? For male equivalent (40), contact Box 1754.

TALL, HAPPY, HANDSOME, n/s, genuine guy, 42, seeks classy, slim, leggy, romantic, attractive woman, 27-35, for laughter, outings and cuddles. I am successful, fit and solvent with a passion for good times, cool wine and Andie Macdowell! You are confident, sure of yourself with a melting smile, and looking for a sincere, relaxed friend in London. Photo and phone number appreciated. Box 3354.

MALE, LATE 40s, tall, good-looking, slim, married professional with good soh would like to meet attractive female for sincere friendship. Discretion assured. Box 3454.

LIVELY LASS, 34, expatriate, bright, slim and pretty with long legs seeks stimulating company on London visits. I adore good looks (under 42), wit and joie de vivre. Photo if possible. Box 3554.

DECENT, SMILING CHAP ignored by career-crazed wife seeks lady friend. Surrey. Box 3654.

PROFESSIONAL MAN, 39, seeks educated lady to love. Box 3754.

INTERNATIONAL PHOTOGRAPHER, exotic, articulate male, 36, seeks sublime female. London/W. Box 4254.

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HANDSOME, PROFESSIONAL MALE, 36, fit, 5ft 10in, warm, loving, loyal, loves the performing arts and travel, seeks sensual 20-34 year old female soulmate. Ring 0660 204297

SPIRITUAL, SELF AWARE man, sought by 35 year old professional female, who's interested both in inner exploration and having fun. Surrey area. Want to hear more? .... Ring 0660 204403

PROFESSIONAL GUY, MID 40s, good looking, widely travelled, great s.o.h. looking for vivacious, bright lady, could she be you? Ring 0660 204425

BUXOM BLONDE FEMALE, 32, smoker, sociable, easygoing and friendly, seeks educated, well built, white male, 30-38, for fun outings, friendship and romance. S W London. Ring 0660 204490

ATTRACTIVE WELL EDUCATED professional man, 39, loves art, music, eating out, having fun, seeks thoughtful, intelligent and attractive lady to share lifes joys. Ring 0660 204426

INTERNATIONAL, COSMOPOLITAN, professional female, long, dark hair, blue eyes, 5ft 8in, seeks American or European professional man, for friendship and romance. Ring 0660 206396

SLIM, ATTRACTIVE, PROFESSIONAL male, 28. Caring humorous nature, varied interests. Seeks female, 23-33, any colour, for fun and romance. Ring 0660 204467

WANTED, GUY, 26-32, gsoh, living in N London. I am 26, 5ft 3in, brown hair, green eyes, artistic, and slightly mad. Emotional basket cases need not apply. Ring 0660 207432

ATTRACTIVE, INTERNATIONAL BUSINESSMAN, seeks good looking, fun loving female, 18-35, for travel, fun and intimate friendship. Ring 0660 205564

ORIENTAL LADY, well educated, academic profession, into sports, music and art. Seeks male soulmate 30 plus, n/s. Must be honest, resourceful, fit and with gsoh. Ring 0660 208458

PROFESSIONAL MAN, LATE 40s, 6ft 2in, soh, tall, good looking, slim, looking for sincere friendship with attractive woman. Ring 0660 205662

LARGE ATTRACTIVE LEO lass, 23, seeks loving relationship with intelligent, solvent male, age unimportant, but gsoh is a must. Essex. Ring 0660 209621

MEDIUM BUILD, 5FT 11IN, attractive male, looking for woman 28-45, interests restaurants, theatre, sports and nights in. Ring 0660 205920

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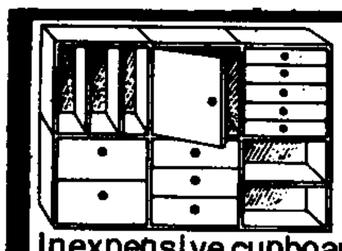
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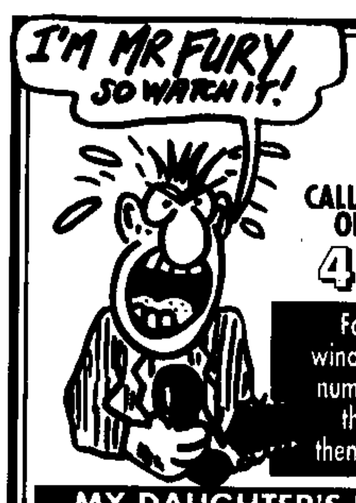

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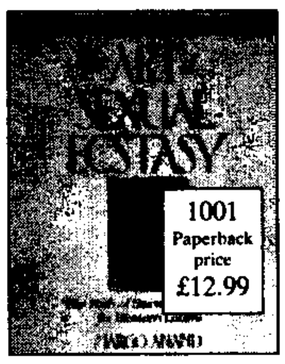

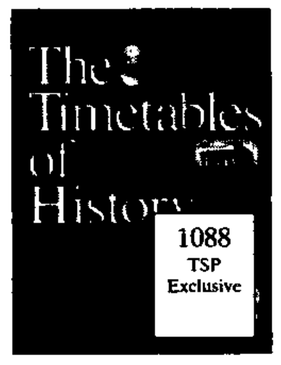

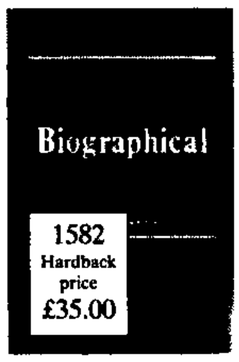

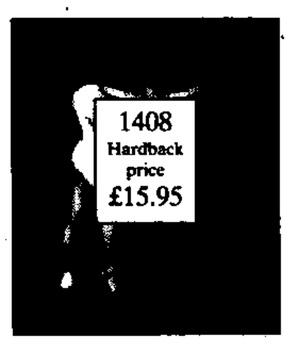

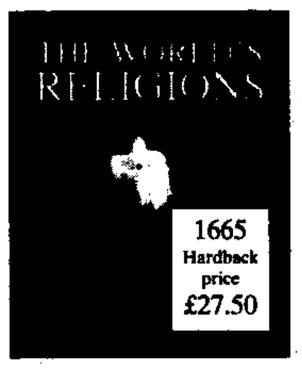

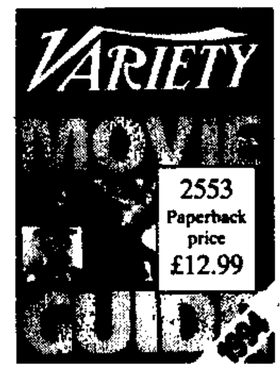

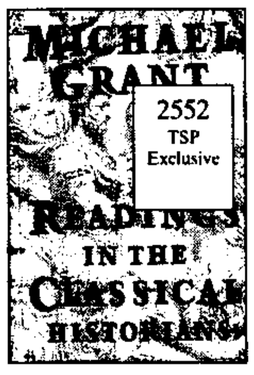

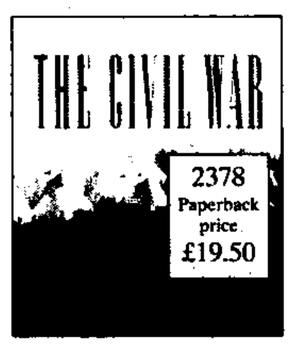

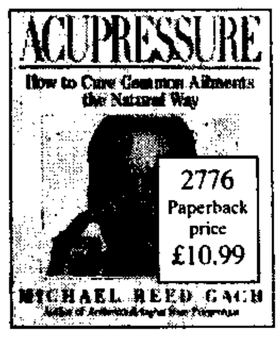

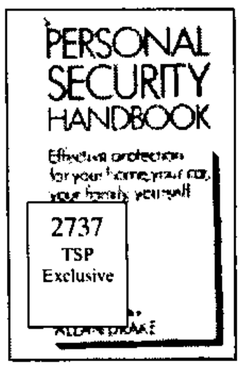

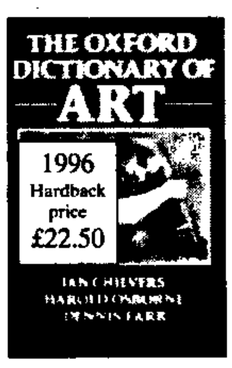

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